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Miss Forman
with her cousin Charles's kind regards

10 March 1923.

JUVENILE BLOSSOMS.

Vade, sed incultus. OVID.

Quare habe hoc tibi, quicquid est libelli. CATULLUS.

LONDON:

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1823.



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PR
4427
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AS

A SINCERE, THOUGH SLIGHT, TESTIMONY

OF RESPECT FOR HIS TALENTS,

AND GRATITUDE FOR HIS KINDNESSES,

The following Trifles

ARE INSCRIBED TO THE

REVEREND HASTINGS ROBINSON,

BY HIS

AFFECTIONATE AND OBLIGED

FRIEND AND PUPIL,

THE AUTHOR.

765581



ADVERTISEMENT.

IN an age, like the present, when every day presents a new offering to the Muses, some apology for the appearance of the following Miscellany may not unreasonably be expected. To gratify then the wishes of a few friends, the writer was tempted to turn author. In many of the minor pieces (he is aware) may be traced considerable inexperience in the art of composition. But the date, being annexed to each, will also determine the corresponding age of the composer. Should these pages, therefore, meet the eye of critics, less indulgent to the efforts of the minstrel novice, than those who first suggested their publication, he hopes, that with such the plea of youth will have its due weight, and excuse many errors of style, sentiment, and versification.

CHARLES COLLINS.

St. John's Coll. Cambridge,

Dec. 26, 1821.



P O L U S,

WHEN PERSONATING THE CHARACTER OF ELECTRA,
INTRODUCES THE ASHES OF HIS OWN SON.

P O L U S,

WHEN PERSONATING THE CHARACTER OF ELECTRA,
INTRODUCES THE ASHES OF HIS OWN SON.

WHAT tender thoughts yon silent crowd engage,
As sorrowing Polus treads the tragic stage !
They gaze half-frantic, while his accents breathe
The expressive wildness, that attends on death.
No sound is stirring, as each hollow tone
Calls forth a tear for sorrows not their own ;
As in Electra's woes a father's grief
Flies from itself, and finds a short relief.
——“ Dear, sad remembrancer* of every tie
That bound my joyous breast in years gone by,
How thou recall'st the days 'twas mine to prove,
Which scarce kept measure with a brother's love.
Yes! he was great and good ; yet could not save
His opening virtues from a timeless grave.
Far other raptures through my bosom stole,
Far other visions warmed my thrilling soul ;
When late I sent thee forth for foreign aid,
The stern avenger of a father's shade.

* Vid. Soph. Electra, v. 1132. Ed. Glasg.

Then thou wert young in health, and gay with joy
 To crush the assassins, and thy foes destroy ;
 Ah ! then thou *wert* Orestes ;—now alas ! thou *art*
 The poor small relics of his generous heart,
 The mouldered corse that decorates a bier,
 And claims Electra's tributary tear.
 —'Twas I that sent thee to a stranger's land,
 'Twas I that gave thee to a stranger's hand,
 'Twas I that snatched thee from a mother's hate,
 To yield thee to a surer, bitterer fate.
 Far, far from home, from every tender care
 A sister's fond affection could prepare,
 You breathed your last : Electra was not nigh,
 From thy pale cheek to mark the roses fly,
 Electra did not 'shrine thy clay-cold form,
 Thy bones with tears Electra did not warm.
 ' By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed *,
 By foreign hands thy monument was reared,
 Thy virtue honoured, and thy name revered.
 How vain, alas ! the labour I bestowed,
 When thy blest presence gladdened our abode :
 Sweet rolled the hours, from anxious care removed,
 Nor knew I then how dotingly I loved.
 Your earlier accents from affection came,
 Your earlier accents lisped Electra's name.
 Oh ! fled, for ever fled : and with thee too
 The visionary joys, that mocked my view.

* Pope.

A sire's endearing love 'twas mine to know :
 Too soon he hastened to the shades below.
 In thee I lived, my sire, my brother, all :
 With thee I triumph, or with thee I fall.
 ' My mother, yet no mother * ! '—She appears,
 Insults my woes, and glories in my tears.
 Past are those happier thoughts I once had planned
 To blast her malice by thy vengeful hand :
 Those happier thoughts our evil genius staid,
 And yields thee back, the shadow of a shade.
 Wretch that I am ! for me no hopes remain
 To burst the bondage of a tyrant's chain.
Thou wert my hopes,—I sent thee far away,—
And only linger to bewail the day.
 Oh ! had I perished by thy dear-loved side,
 Sweet were my lot, with bliss I then had died.
 Yet let me share ('tis all I can) thine urn,
 Receive my spirit, and I cease to mourn.
 Life, and its idle joys are dead to me,
 Deprived of all, that made life lovely—Thee :
 Thee have I loved when living ; and in death
 I long with thee to join my parting breath.
 To every joy, to every grief adieu ;
 I only breathe, I only die for you."——

Are these the accents of dissembled woe ?
 Can mere delusion bid such sorrows flow ?
 No, Polus !—by that pang's severe attest,
 Which seems to burst the life-strings of thy breast ;

* Savage.

That wild, convulsive glance, which speaks a mind
 Dead to the vivid charms still left behind ;
 The hollow murmur, and the fitful start,
 Tell the sad truth, and vindicate the heart :
 Tell, that reclining o'er the sculptured urn
 You weep for him, who *never* can return.
 Flow on awhile, sweet tears ! oh, none will blame
 The pang, that racks a childless father's frame.
 The soft infection runs through all the crowd ;
 Man hides the tear, while Woman wails aloud.
 All own the magic of thy tender tale,
 Sad as the murmur of the nightingale :
 Who, perched amid the boughs, where late her nest
 Promised a home of innocence and rest,
 Laments her lost young, till the groves around
 Sigh to her sigh, and with her plaint resound.
 " Alas ! you feel you are no actor here* ;"—
 'Tis Nature's unrepressed and heartfelt tear.
 A dear dead son comes rushing o'er the soul,
 And bids the flood of unfeigned sorrow roll.

Rugby, 1818.

* Garrick.

ALEXANDER,

AT THE DESTRUCTION OF THEBES, SPARES THE HOUSE
OF PINDAR, FROM RESPECT TO HIS MEMORY.

ALEXANDER,

AT THE DESTRUCTION OF THEBES, SPARES THE HOUSE
OF PINDAR, FROM RESPECT TO HIS MEMORY.

WEEP, land of sadness, weep! thy beauteous scenes,
Where maidens danced beneath embowering greens,
And mirth and music hailed the dawn of day,
Wild as the bird, that hops from spray to spray;—
Thy scenes are blank! War, horrid War, destroys
The festal pomp, and checks thy dearest joys.
Unhappy Thebes! thy towers are desolate,
Thy prostrate ruins are the sport of hate,
And vain the glory of thy seven-fold gate.
No, not the widow's warm tear can assuage
The scorpion venom of the victor's rage.

Yet say, young hero, ere thy stoic eye
Gazed on a scene, that well might claim a sigh,
Ere thy stern mandate, in its stormiest hour,
Rolled the dark tide of desolating power;
Did no fond thought thy cruel edict quell,
And waken Pity in her secret cell?
No recollections dwell around the dome,
Where e'en the Muses found a kindred home?
Oh! yes, I ween, that heart was framed to sigh
To the chaste charms of virgin Poesy;

Nor blush to own thy fascinated soul
 Bowed in obeisance to her soft control.
 For this had Science watched thy wondrous birth,
 Science, that deifies the sons of earth :
 For this had Genius tried her boldest art,
 To warm the mind, and purify the heart.
 And oft, within some still secluded grot,
 "The world forgetting, by the world forgot*,"
 Thy wont it was to steal from regal pride,
 Thy friend, Reflection, and the Muse, thy guide :
 "Round 'Troy imaginary troops to lead,
 With Hector conquer, or with Rhesus bleed†."
 How thy flushed cheek would brighten at the song,
 Where, more than man, Achilles towers along,
 Clothed in his panoply of might : thy breast
 Felt all his wrongs, his deep revenge expressed ;
 Till Fancy's vivid ray adorned the theme,
 And wrapt in truth the bard's immortal dream.

What though each fiery passion prompt the hand
 Of crimson death on 'Thebes' devoted land ;
 Though in the untamed insolence of pride
 Her sons had mocked thy arm, thy power defied ;
 Yet Mercy stayed thy lance, and bade thee spare
 The sacred seat of Inspiration's heir :
 Pindar himself, though Fate had claimed her prey,
 Rose o'er thy breast, and charmed thy rage away.
 So the struck eagle bows his captive soul,
 When melting melodies are heard to roll :

* Pope.

† MS. Poem.

Quenched is the lightning of his eye, and weak
The vanquished terrors of his cowering beak.

And said I Pindar felt the grasp of death,
His name departing with departed breath?
How could I deem that he, to whom 'tis given
To "glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
heaven*,"

Whose soaring spirit opes an ampler sway,
Could feel the date of perishable clay?
The Muse alone, with magic touch, can give
Immortal tints, that freshen as they live.
She calls the woods, the mountains, all her own,
Mid rocky battlements erects her throne;
Rides in triumphant pomp o'er every wave,
And lives in Nature's works beyond the grave.

Else, mighty warrior, else thy laurels fade †,
Poor are thy triumphs, and thy fame unpaid:
Vain is the meed thy daring virtue won,
Thy glory withered, and thy acts undone.
Thou, and thy meanest slave alike must fall,
One undistinguished ruin cover all.
Though thy wide hand had stretched a giant reign,
"From far Euphrates to the western main ‡,"
Victory's proud crest would moulder on thy crown,
And thou unhonoured to the world go down.

* Shakspeare.

† Hor. Od. iv. 9. 25.

‡ Vid. Oxford Prize Poems.

Oh! that the * eagle bard could view thine ire
 Melt and dissolve, where once he strung the lyre;
 Could view thy spear reversed, he fain would raise
 The votive pœan of his loftier lays.
 —'Tis he, the child of song! I know the eye,
 That flashes all the soul of minstrelsy.
 He sweeps the echoing strings, the chords resound,
 A sacred frenzy seems to breathe around †.
 Ismenus heard it, "as he flowed along ‡
 And bade his willows learn the moving song."
 Beloved of Heaven, he said, or seemed to say,
 Unfading Glory calls thee, haste away!
 Haste, where her potent mandate bids thee steer,
 Where crested Conquest points her proud career.
 A hundred nations hail thee guardian king,
 Bow the high head, and suppliant tribute bring.
 Defeated Asia wails her banners flown,
 Darius trembles on his tottering throne.
 Haste, till old Ganges smooth his angry bed,
 And startled India rock beneath thy tread:
 Then gaze from East to West, in thunder hurled,
 And, still unsated, ask another world §.

Rugby, 1818.

* "That the Theban eagle bear."—*Gray*.

† Hor. Od. iii. 4. 5.

‡ Pope.

§ Unus Pellæo juveni non sufficit orbis:

Æstuat infelix angusto limite mundi,

Ut Gyaræ clausus scopulis, parvâque Scripho.

Juv. Sat. x. 166.

THE DEATH
OF
SOPHONISBA.

THE DEATH OF SOPHONISBA.

An interview is supposed to take place between Massinissa and Sophonisba, in which he presents her with a cup of poison.

——“ WILL Sophonisba deem my soul untrue,
Upbraid a falsehood, which it never knew ;
Detest my tongue, that trembling must relate
The bitter tidings of our mutual fate ?
Or rather worthy of her sire, and me,
Dare, like Numidia's princess, still be free ?
Say, would you pinioned to great Scipio's car
Swell the proud triumph of ignoble war ;
Trail in the gory dust that peerless face,
And stain the honours of your royal race ?
Shall Rome, imperial Rome, with scorn survey
The sullied gem of Afric's happier day ?
Shall vile Plebeians in tumultuous rows
Hail the mock puppet, and insult thy woes ?
Ah no !—that fiery glance of quick disdain
Hath burst at once the ignominious chain ;
There mighty Asdrubal once more is seen,
And Sophonisba looks herself a queen.

Pride of my life, my love, could'st thou but see
 The agonizing heart that bleeds for thee,
 Thy Massinissa then would pity claim,
 Himself the victim of his country's fame.
 So be the debt of ancient honour paid,
 Nor Love unmindful of the vow he made* ;
 When from a conqueror's arms he fondly swore
 To save thee, dearer than the crown he wore.
 Take then the last, best gift his hand bestows,
 Spurn the weak policy of Roman foes ;
 Rouse life's whole energy, and dare to die,
 While yet you draw the breath of liberty."——

Here paused the love-lorn prince : his words inspire
 A kindred transport, and her bosom fire.
 No tear had power to flow, a sad relief,
 Repressing all the tenderness of grief.
 The settled wildness of his chill, wan look
 She marked, and wilder inspiration took :
 Curbed every groan, and scorning to betray
 One coward sign, she triumphed o'er dismay.
 Well-pleased he saw in form so soft and fair
 The nobler resolution of despair.
 Yet oh ! to her Death came a welcome guest ;
 E'en love itself was banished from her breast.
 She grasped the funeral cup ;—he could not trace
 One line of weakness in her kindling face.
 So the devoted Indian †, with a smile,
 Secure to die, ascends the burning pile :

* Vide Liv. lib. xxx. c. 12. ad calcem.

† Felix Eois lex funeris una maritis,

Quos Aurora suis rubra colorat equis :

Beams one farewell, ere yet her soul expire,
Clasps her lord's arm, and plunges in the fire.

"And canst thou think," she cries, "I'll bear to live,
When life itself has now no joys to give?
To lengthen out in servitude and shame
The poor remains of title, wealth, and fame?
Shall Sophonisba taste the captive's doom,
Dogged by the scornful shouts of censuring Rome?
Oh! rather whelm me 'neath the Ægyptian wave,
And call on pyramids to be my grave.
I hail the pledge of love, the generous bowl,
That saves the charter of my free-born soul*:
And oh! a little sooner had it come,
I then had sunk illustrious to the tomb;
Far from a victor's bed I then had died,
Nor felt the bitterness of Roman pride.
That I have been too slow, perchance, you grieve:—
Assure your Scipio, I disdain to live.
'Tis true I linger; linger to reclaim
From false aspersions my ill-fated name.
This chides my spirit on the wing to part,
And feeds the weakness of my rebel heart:

*Namque, ubi mortifero jacta est fax ultima lecto,
Uxorum fuis stat pia turba comis;
Et certamen habent leti, quæ viva sequatur
Conjugium: pudor est, non licuisse mori.*

Prop. lib. iii. Eleg. 13 15.

* The reader will perceive, that these, and the following lines, as far as "answered tear for tear," are written in imitation of Gray's beautiful Latin epistle—*Egregium accipio promissi munus Amoris.* &c.

Lest haply I, the heir of Afric's crown,
 Dim the bright glory of her old renown :
 Of second passion mourn the luckless hour,
 Or own my terror of the Roman power.
 Yet let me think awhile on pleasures fled,
 And weep the ills that gather round my head.
 Canst thou recall that glad, that solemn day,
 When Cirta smiled beneath your proud array?
 Perchance 'twill raise a blush, and Memory bring
 A sweet disgrace upon her loaded wing.
 I well remember, as your train drew nigh
 In the full flush of purple pageantry,
 Whole bands of females, startled at the view,
 Admired your form, ' and looked, and looked you
 through *.'

Majestic ringlets waved in clustering grace,
 And modest beauty brightened in your face :
 Scarce o'er your cheek the tender down began,
 And the strong arm alone declared you man.
 As o'er each scene you glanced a wistful eye
 (The will of Venus, or of Destiny),
 Love whispered, 'twas on me your ardour dwelt,
 And burning blushes told how deep I felt.
 I searched around for some more lovely maid,
 On whom those melting looks so long delayed :
 No lovelier maid I found, no rival there,
 Whose charms with conscious beauty might compare.
 Then soft compassion woke a softer flame,
 And love approached you under pity's name.

You lulled to rest my sorrow-boding fear,
 Soothed my sad soul, and answered tear for tear.
 As on one stem two opening flowerets bloom,
 Our hearts united looked for joys to come.
 —But hence a woman's weakness, that employs
 Fond fancy, clinging to departed joys.
 Constant, as marble, I forego the light;
 No changeling, like yon empress of the night*.
 My task is o'er, my race of glory run,
 And Afric saddens at my setting sun.
 Yet shall no Scipio, or his ruffian crew,
 Lord o'er the soul they panted to subdue:
 Nor Rome, degenerate Rome, with taunts behold
 The fallen wreck of Nature's nobler mould.
 —Was it the breeze? or some triumphant call?
 Hark! 'tis the thrilling voice of Asdrubal.
 I come, I come! your golden seats prepare,
 And waft my spirit from this world of care.
 Thou, too, with whom my tenderest wishes dwell,
 Oh! ere we part, receive a last farewell.
 Death loses every pang (for you approve),
 Charmed by the presence of the man I love.
 Catch, Massinissa, catch my trembling sigh:
 'Tis bliss to fall the spouse of Liberty."

Rugby, 1818.

* It is related that the lovers met on the *night* immediately succeeding Scipio's victory.

C O M À L A,

A Dramatic Poem,

VERSIFIED FROM OSSIAN.

Ex alieno ingenio poeta, ex suo tantum versificator.

SCALIG. POET.

TO

THE VENERABLE SURVIVOR
OF A LAMENTED GRANDSIRE,

THESE LINES ARE DEDICATED

BY ONE, WHO HOPES

THAT EVERY TEAR, SHED TO HIS MEMORY,

WILL BE REPAID HER

BY HER CHILDREN'S SMILES.

P R E F A C E.

THE following imitation is too short to require a long preface ; yet it seems necessary to mention, that it is the production of one, who had completed his seventeenth year. This is its sole amulet to charm away the demon of criticism. During the autumn of 1817, it served to amuse some few intervals of leisure, stolen from severer studies ; and never made any pretensions to polished elegance, or elaborate precision. The only apology, offered for its public appearance, is the beautiful simplicity of its eloquent original, which induced a stripling bard to make trial of his skill, who

“ Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes.”

C. C.

*St. John's College,
Cambridge, 1819.*

ARGUMENT.

Comála, the daughter of Sarno, King of Inistore, or Orkney Islands, fell in love with Fingal, the son of Comhal, at a feast, to which her father had invited him (Fingal, b. 3.) upon his return from Lochlin, after the death of Agandeecca. Her passion was so violent, that she followed him disguised like a youth, who wanted to be employed in his wars. She was soon discovered by Hidallan, the son of Lamor, one of Fingal's heroes, whose love she had slighted some time before. Her romantic passion and beauty recommended her so much to the king, that he had resolved to make her his wife; when news was brought him of Caracul's expedition. He marched to stop the progress of the enemy, and Comála attended him. He left her on a hill, within sight of Caracul's army, when he himself went to the battle, having previously promised, if he survived, to return that night. The sequel of the story may be gathered from the poem itself.

THE PERSONS.

| | | |
|-----------|-------------|-----------------------|
| FINGAL. | MELILCOMA, | } Daughters of Morni. |
| HIDALLAN. | DERSAGRENA, | |
| COMÁLA. | Bards. | |

COMÀLA.

Der. IN Ardven's shadowy grove the chase is o'er,
And all is silent, save the torrent's roar.
Rise, child of Morni, rise! by Crona's flood
Spare the wild tenants of the wavy wood.
Bid Evening welcome with the warbling wire,
Till Ardven echo to a virgin lyre.

Mel. And see! pale Night, in dusky garb arrayed,
Flings o'er the darkling plain her azure shade.
Deep in the copse, where late I chanced to stray,
The startling wild deer bounded o'er my way,
Arched his proud neck, and skimmed along the plain:
At every step red fire flashed back again.
From the dark clouds of Crona's watery maze,
Methought I saw the face of other days.

Der. Methought I saw it in prophetic state,
The mournful harbinger of Fingal's fate.
The King of Shields is gone! the foes deride
Our prostrate monarch with insulting pride.
Weep, child of Sarno, weep!—thy love is fled:
His spectre haunts our hills—thy love is dead.

Mel. On yon rude cliff Comàla sits forlorn,
So fair to sorrow, and so young to mourn.

To her each grey dog points a wistful eye,
 And snuffs the breezes, as they murmur by.
 Her cheek is on her arm : her ringlets fair
 Float in luxuriance to the baffled air.
 Along the heath her blue eye lingers still,
 To mark the gathering night ascend the hill.
 And still she looks, and still with wayward fear
 Sighs the sad sound, "where art thou, Fingal, where?"

Com. Why, Carun, do I view thy parent flood
 Roll his dark waters in a tide of blood?
 Hath battle roared along thy winding shore?
 Sleeps Morven's monarch to awake no more?
 —Fair orb, who floatest in the deep blue sky,
 Look from thy throne of clouds with pitying eye;
 Rise, star-invested Moon, arise, reveal
 The gleamy lightning of my warrior's steel.
 No!—let the blazing orb, whose fiery light
 Guided our fathers through the path of night,
 Bare its terrific beam, and darkly wave
 Its beacon flashes o'er my warrior's grave.
 There guide, oh! guide my widowed form :—will he
 Pluck from this breast the thorn of misery?
 In death's unfathomed shades, will he aspire,
 And save me from Hidallan's fierce desire?
 —Oh! many a sorrowing day will rise and wane,
 Ere Fingal hasten with his crested train,
 Ere I shall woo him to my virgin bower,
 Bright as the sun amid the morning shower.

Hid. Ye mists of Crona, o'er the chieftain's head
 Your blackening gloom, your baleful horrors shed!

Far from my sight immersed, that I no more
 May greet his footsteps to his native shore.
 Wide scattered now the foe ! no victims feel
 The death-fraught vengeance of his thirsty steel.
 Flow, Carun, flow, in blood-stained torrents flow :
 Dead is the monarch, and the chief laid low !

Com. Who fell on Carun's bank, thou son of Night ?
 As snow-clad Ardven, was he dazzling white ?
 Fair, as the showery bow ? his hair, the dew
 That gems the earth, and curls beneath the view ?
 Burst he like thunder on his trembling foe,
 And swept the champaign as a desert roe ?

Hid. Oh ! that these eyes might gaze upon his love,
 Reclining pensive in her rock-alcove.
 Her red eye dim in tears, her blushing face
 Half-hid beneath her locks in virgin grace.
 Blow, gentle breeze, her wavy tresses blow,
 And bare her white arm as the mountain snow.
 Give me to view those beauteous drops, that shed
 A lovelier lustre o'er her lovely head.

Com. And is he fallen ? the son of Comhal gone ?
 Vain all the promise of a quick return ?
 Hark ! peals of thunder roll along the air,
 And the dark lightning flings a fitful glare,
 On fiery pinions borne ! but fear hath fled
 Comala : —Fingal, Fingal—he is dead !
 Say, chief of sorrow, is the warrior slain,
 Who heaped with broken shields the loaded plain ?

Hid. Defeated nations will no longer hear
 His battle song, or tremble at his spear.

Com. Death and Confusion seize thee, ruthless king,
 And Ruin o'er thy head extend her wing!
 Haste to the grave; one virgin drop a tear
 Unheeded o'er thy solitary bier!
 Like Iorn Comàla, all whose joys are set,
 May she o'er-cloud her life-spring with regret.
 Yet why unfold his death?—though doomed to mourn,
 I might awhile have cherished his return.
 I might have imaged Fingal on the hill;
 A tree would feign him, and my bosom thrill.
 The wind might swell, and echoing in my ear
 Would sound his horn, and tell my Fingal near.
 Lay me on Carun's marge; for tears will start
 To bathe his cheek, and warm his clay-cold heart.

Hid. Not on wild Carun's marge—he is not there:
 In woody Arduen, pious warriors rear
 A warrior's tomb:—and oh! resplendent queen,
 Look from thy clouds to harmonize the scene;
 Bright on his bosom shed thy silvery beam,
 That poor Comàla view his armour gleam.

Com. Yet stay awhile;—awhile I yet may crave
 To gaze in silence on a lover's grave.
 Alone he left me, 'mid the chase afar,
 Nor even whispered, that he went to war.
 “Night would return with him,” he murmured low,
 And left me all to darkness and to woe.
 Ah! what availed it then his death to hide,
 Thou trembling *tenant of the mountain side.

* A druid is here alluded to.

For oh ! thou saw'st him weltering, as he fell
In life's young bloom, nor didst Comàla tell.

Mel. What fearful sound through Ardven loads the
gale ?

What brightening form comes dreadful in the vale ?
And who is he, that bears the strength of streams,
Whose waters glitter to the moon's pale beams ?

Com. 'Tis he, Comàla's mortal foe ! 'tis he,
The ruthless king, who mocks my misery.
Swift from thy clouds, my Fingal, guide this bow,
And lay the tyrant in his glory low !
Low, as the desert hart !—'Tis Fingal's shade,
The sacred guardian of his hapless maid.
Why art thou come, my love, this breast to tear
With mingled pleasure, and delusive fear ?

Fin. Begin, ye bards, begin the victor song,
And hymn the wars, where Carun rolls along.
The vaunting Caracul our power defied ;
He saw our falchion, and forgot his pride.
Quenched as a meteor o'er the troubled plain,
Where shadowy spirits hold their midnight reign,
While raves the blast, and dark woods glimmer near,
He set :—But hark ! what sound invades the ear ?
Was it the mountain breeze ?—'tis Sarno's child,
Who tracks the headlong deer o'er Ardven's wild,
Comàla, sad as fair ! oh ! deign to pour
That voice of music from thy rocky bower.

Com. In life, in death, still lovely to my breast,
Bear me, oh ! bear me, to thy cave of rest.

Fin. My cave awaits thee, now the storm is o'er,
And the bright sun beams gladness as before.
My cave awaits thee—there repose awhile,
And lose thy sorrows in a lover's smile.

Com. He comes, he comes! I clasp the giant arm,
So fierce in battle, and in love so warm.
But here I linger, till severe affright
Hath ceased to rage, and darken o'er my sight.
Daughters of Morni, haste, the grove forsake,
Wake the glad voice, the hallowed harp awake.

Der. Three deer, the victims of thy virgin skill,
Await the flame, that smokes along the hill.
Haste, King of Morven, haste! the maid will greet
Thy genial presence to her festive seat.

Fin. Ye sons of song, begin the victor strain,
And hymn the wars, where Carun bathes the plain:
That joy may hover o'er my white-armed love,
And at the feast a welcome guest I prove.

Bards. Flow, billowy Carun, bid thy waters flow,
In conscious triumph o'er the vanquished foe.
No hostile chargers swallow up the strand:
Their wings of pride have sought a foreign land.
The sun will fringe the clouds with golden fleece,
And eve's advancing shade descend, in peace.
The chase alone will waken us to arms;
The shield, suspended now, no longer charms.
'Tis ours to roam the margin of the flood,
And bathe our red-stained hands in Loehlin's blood.
Flow, billowy Carun, bid thy waters flow,
In conscious triumph o'er the vanquished foe.

Mel. Descend, ye shadowy mists, descend from
high,

And lift her soul, ye moon-beams, to the sky.
The beauteous virgin lies along the shore,
Bowed low, and pale :—Comàla is no more.

Fin. And is she dead ? will Sarno's daughter prove
No more the soul of joy, the heaven of love ?
Meet me, Comàla, 'mid the heath alone :
'Tis there I listen to the torrent's moan.

Hid. Mute is that voice, which haunted Ardven's
shade ?

Wretch that I was to vex the dying maid !
Ah ! when, fair huntress, shall I see thee trace
The antlered monarch in the sylvan chase.

Fin. Accursed warrior of the gloomy soul,
Thou never more shalt pledge the sparkling bowl ;
No longer track the deer o'er my domains,
Or stain with foeman's blood my verdant plains.
—Guide me, oh ! guide me, to her bower of rest,
To mark the soft luxuriance of her breast.
Lovely in death she lies : the winds resort,
And wave her tresses with infantine sport.
Her bow-string murmurs to the sweeping wind,
Her broken shaft will wound no future hind.
To Sarno's child let highest praise be given,
And waft her name upon the gales of heaven.

Bards. See ! flashing meteors gleam around the
maid,
And paly moon-beams lift her virgin shade.

Her fathers leave their cloudy canopy :
The dark-browed Sarno flits in wonder by,
And old Fidallan rolls his reddening eye.
Say, will thy white hand, beauteous maid, arise ?
Say, will thy voice re-echo to the skies ?
Swift o'er the heath, shall every nymph pursue,
And vainly mourn thee vanished from the view.
Yet wilt thou linger in a dream behind,
And calm the visions of their struggling mind :
Yet in a dream thy dulcet voice will bear
New notes of music to their ravished ear.
See ! flashing meteors gleam around the maid,
And paly moon-beams lift her virgin shade.

DEATH
ON THE PALE HORSE,
AS REPRESENTED BY MR. WEST.

Χαρις μικροσιν σπηδει·

TO A MOTHER,

WHOSE UNIFORM TENDERNESS

NO GRATITUDE CAN REPAY,

THE FOLLOWING LINES ARE INSCRIBED,

WITH EVERY SENTIMENT

OF FILIAL AFFECTION AND RESPECT,

BY THE AUTHOR.

DEATH

ON THE PALE HORSE.

START not, though bursting to the astonished view
The King of Terror frowns in sablest hue ;
Start not, though every Spirit of Despair
Flings o'er his regal brow a livid glare :
'Tis but the Painter's art, the Painter's skill,
Who moulds the obedient passions at his will ;
The mighty master, whose bright touch designed
The noblest effort of the human mind,
The bleeding sorrows of our suffering Lord,
By Man rejected, but by Heaven adored.

Oh ! how that ghastly form appals the sight,
Wild as the tempest in its hour of night.
He laughs that bitter laugh, which nought can vie,
Save the fell workings of insanity.
Glares in his sullen look the wish to slay,
The world his victim, and mankind his prey.
His eye-ball flashes fire, and darkly throws
A murky grandeur o'er his louring brows.
Know you that sable robe, so loosely spread ?
Know you that crown, which bristles o'er the head ?
—'Tis Death's !—That arm no kingly sceptre holds,
That arm is circled with serpentine folds :

There, with malignant smile at misery's plan,
 The horror-crested snake exults o'er man.
 Bright flames the lightning in his clenched hand,
 And bright that demon waves a fiery brand :
 While, glaring round, appear a ghastlier train,
 Than fear could e'er conceive, or fancy feign.
 Lo ! the pale Horse, beneath the giant form,
 Beats the light clouds, and rolls upon the storm.
 Sparkle the flashes from his nostrils wide ;
 He snorts defiance, and enjoys his pride.
 He comes, he comes ! and havoc marks his way,
 Sad is the scene, for manhood is the prey :
 While, dark above, Death leads his fury on,
 And gathers strength at every victory won.

Relentless tyrant, mark that altered face,
 'Reft of each lovely smile, each softer grace.
 Could not her beauty, gay with every charm,
 Thy vengeance soften, and thy rage disarm ?
 Alas ! she blossomed like the damask rose,
 That tempts some hand to pluck it, ere it blows.
 Could not an infant hanging on the breast,
 An infant's sacred smile thine arm arrest ?
 See the first pledge of chaste, connubial bliss
 Implore, with many a glance, one parting kiss.
 Gaze, ruthless tyrant, till remorse and shame
 Touch thy cold heart to spoil so fair a frame :
 No, it is thine to revel in thy deed,
 Pleased to behold a hapless victim bleed.
 And hark ! the piercing shrieks, that seem to rise
 Where the pale frantic husband meets the eyes,

Looks up to thee, grim spectre, and demands
 A dying consort from thy murd'rous hands.
 Poor, injured innocents ! your cries ascend
 To heaven, and heaven's high Father is your friend :
 He numbers every woe, and soon will come
 To hurl thee, Death, to thy appointed doom.

Else who is He, around whose temple plays
 A crown of glory in resplendent blaze ?
 Is this the lowly Christ, whose infant head
 Blest the rude welcome of a manger-shed ?
 Is this the Man of Sorrows ? He, whose word
 Was spurned and slighted by a barbarous horde ?
 Whose sacred brow was crowned with twisted thorn,
 The atheist's victim, and the bigot's scorn ?
 Whose cheek, insulted by the ruffian foe,
 Smarted beneath the proud unhallowed blow ?
 Whose nobler soul in life's last sorrowing hour
 Forgave the rage of man's avenging power ?
 —'Tis He, the King of Kings, the Lord of heaven,
 To whose high care the sons of earth are given :
 'Tis He, the God of Gods ! 'tis He repays,
 Vengeance is His, and all her wond'rous ways.
 Not His the placid look, as when he bore
 Our sins, peace, love, and pardon to restore :
 His bow is in his hand ; his glance severe
 Proclaims the tidings of his dread career,
 He comes to dart the arrows of his wrath,
 Life to the ransomed, to the serpent death :
 Bright as the sun that runs his giant race,
 And startled night hath fled before his face.

Full on those sainted souls, whose martyr pride
 Their faith defended by the death they died,
 His dark eye burns:—He claims them as his own,
 The earth his footstool, and the heaven his throne.
 Oh! how the white horse glories in his Lord,
 He needs no rein, obedient to the word:
 Fair as the trackless snow, he rears his breast,
 Blest in magnificence, in beauty blest.

Yet other he, whose red horse prances far,
 Frantic and furious, rushing on to war.
 Caparisoned for arms, he seems to know
 The distant murmurs of the coming foe.
 The madd'ning warrior waves his falchion-blade,
 And proudly hopes full many a victim-shade.
 E'en so Mohammed on his fiery steed
 Urged the foul terrors of his Koran-creed:
 He gave the haughty terms, with daring high,
 Belief or death, the mandate and reply.
 But mark yon vista, glimmering on the sight,
 Tells of young Titus in the joy of fight;
 Tells of the blood-red banner floating near,
 And Asia crouching under Europe's spear.
 —And thou, dark rider, in whose steady mien
 The stern resolves of tearless law are seen,
 Whose hands the fatal balances sustain,
 Weigh and find wanting all the race of man,
 Whose sceptic steps Despair and Famine crown,
 How thy pride dwindles at Messiah's frown!

Gaze on that lordly terror of the plain,
 Gaze, till resistless fear numb every vein.

See the poor charger pant upon the ground,
 See the pale master aim a fruitless wound ;
 Then, sorrowing at the deed, in deep distress
 Implore some arm his fury to repress.

Nor vain : a mightier hand is there to slay,
 A mightier hand will rob him of his prey :
 As, 'mid his native wilds, the Indian dares
 The untamed monster to successful wars.

—A horse-man strikes—'tis fruitless—no—his blade
 Defrauds the savage of the spring, it made.

One hapless youth, extended on the plain,
 Clenches his dagger for the fight again :
 Another dashed, and reckless of defence,
 Grasps at his steed with lost, bewildered sense.

—There, where in beauty's pride, in flower of life
 A victim dies beneath the unequal strife,
 The towering victor stalks among the crowd,
 Proud of his giant strength, of conquest proud :
 Till spent by anger, and by hosts opprest,
 To furious dogs he bares his ample chest.

If not abashed by Death's terrific mien,
 The eye dare linger on the canvas scene ;
 If yet be warm one tributary tear,
 To wail the ravage of his fell career,
 Turn to that black'ning gloom ! the lightning's flash
 Through heaven's high-vaulted arch is seen to dash.
 A youth, just blasted by the withering fire,
 Scarce heaves one farewell sigh, ere life expire.
 Unhappy man ! in vain around thy form
 Throug thy firm friends, and execrate the storm.

Yet she, the partner of thy early years,
 Hath fled, a victim to her maiden fears :
 But pauses oft, the dreaded storm forgot,
 By fond affection clinging to the spot.
 Oh ! death, fell death, all Nature owns thy sway :
 The eagle pounces on his destined prey,
 The plaining dove resigns himself to fate,
 And widowed Constancy bewails her mate.

But thou, immortal West, whose daring hand
 Rears o'er the storied art a wide command,
 Whose spirit-speaking power, and nobler rage,
 Defy the torpor of enfeebling age,
 Whose magic tints, with bold expression fraught,
 Breathe the pure incense of exalted thought ;
 Thou, in thy works, shalt mar Death's potent doom,
 When thy cold clay lies slumbering in the tomb :
 In golden fame shalt visit every clime,
 And steal fresh odours from the wing of Time.
 Trace Inspiration's page, and there explore
 The living oracles of sacred lore :
 There scan the noblest scenes that e'er belong
 To painter's energy, or minstrel's song,
 Till soft Ausonia wail her honours flown,
 And Albion boast a Raphael of her own.

Yoxford, 1818.

REFLECTIONS
ADDRESSED TO MY SISTER
ON HER COMPLETING
HER ONE-AND-TWENTIETH YEAR.

REFLECTIONS

ADDRESSED TO MY SISTER, &c.

THERE is a sacred spell, whose magic ray
Can soothe the soul, and charm Distress away :
There is a star, whose mild and mellow beam
Can light Affliction in her darkest dream :
'Tis sweet Religion sheds divine repose,
And robs mortality of half its woes.
Through the rapt mind her angel glances roll,
And rouse the Deity within the soul ;
Awake each slumbering thought, and point the view
To loftier scenes, than ever Fancy drew.

Oh ! let the world in bitterness of pride
Insult meek Virtue, and her pangs deride ;
Defy that Power, whose viewless arm will spread
A guardian Ægis o'er the mourner's head,
And ask malignant ; “ Where the suppliant frame
That called in sorrow on Jehovah's name ?
Will His blest grace thy midnight vigils cheer,
And seraph-forms wipe off the streaming tear ?
Will wild mysterious harpings soothe thy breast,
And lull the vulture, that devours thy rest ?

No,—snatch the rosy wreath the world can give,
 And woo that world, in which you're doomed to live;
 No,—garland thy young brow with chaplets gay,
 And haste from dark despair—oh! haste away.”

Peace, flatterer, peace! thy proffered joys are pain,
 Thy smile is fatal, and thy promise vain.
 The gale, that murmurs idly by, shall wave
 Each blossom from the rosy wreath you gave.
 Peace, flatterer, peace! the virtuous poor man knows
 The rest, thou canst not give;—the calm repose,
 The sabbath of the soul, the high delight,
 The gaze of rapture 'bove the starry height.
 The world's vain vision vanishes: the Lord,
 The God of mercy heeds his servant's word;
 Bows down his ear to catch the sufferer's cry,
 Marks every tear, and treasures every sigh.
 And where is He?—the heaven of heavens his seat,
 Thrones, sceptres, worlds lie prostrate at His feet.
 He spake our being, and in Him we breathe,
 In life our guardian, and our friend in death.

Old Time, my Jane, hath plumed his silvery wing,
 And dipped his feathers in a varied spring;
 Rolled the full tide of one-and-twenty years
 Along thy little world of hopes and fears;
 Matured thy female form,—while many a tress
 Streams to the morning gale in loveliness;
 While Health, with lavish hand, and tender tint,
 Hath left upon thy cheek his rosy print:—
 And oh! that eye with brightening lustre glows,
 Stamp of the soul, from whence its brightness rose:

And many a witching charm and nameless grace,
Plays round thy lip, and breathes along thy face.

Thrice happy age! which Youth's prophetic eye
Catches afar, when joy and hope beat high;
And deems (though every good the object miss)
The friend of freedom, and the god of bliss.
Her retrospective glance when Fancy throws
To gather every charm the past bestows,
When young hearts hoped with Liberty to stray,
Too proud to listen, and too weak to sway;—
She sees reflected in the life-true glass
The varied forms, that dazzle as they pass:
The high and haughty scheme, which would disdain
The parent's counsel, and the master's chain;
The hope, which lifts the shadowy veil, that screens
His kindling eye from rosy-coloured scenes—
Such scenes, as paint a summer sky, yet leave
No farewell flushes by descending eve:—
Oh! 'tis a golden age, which lures the boy,
The spring of happiness, the morn of joy.

Have we not loitered by the rivulet's side
To watch the flowers along its bosom glide?
Have we not rifled every mead and dale
To gather more, and see the pageant sail?
And yet, I ween, those slighted flowers would say,
Why fling ye us, like noisome weeds, away?
Alas for man!—young April can bestow
The blooms that ripen, and the tints that glow;
Can lend to floweret fair a fairer streak,
Soft as the damask down on Beauty's cheek;

But, ere the sun lies pillowed on the wave,
 Where is the tint, the bloom young April gave?
 The bloom hath withered, and the tint hath fled,—
 The floweret fair declines its damask head.
 Alas for man!—in youth's delusive hour
 He boasts of all his strength, and calls it power.
 Hope suns his prospect with an iris ray,
 And smiles an angel, though her smiles betray:
 Like the green snake among the fruit that played,
 When Cleopatra dared its fatal aid.
 But cold Reality——oh! draw the veil
 Of dark oblivion o'er the bitter tale——
 But cold Reality will curb his hope,
 And bound his prospect to a narrower scope.
 Then, then the mirror breaks; and will he check,
 Or save one fragment from the precious wreck?
 Those beauteous colours, hovering there, are all
 Caught from the sun, that shines upon its fall:
 As lovely as the smile, and roseate hue,
 That haunt the corse, when Death hath claimed his due.
 Cease, Fancy, cease! yet sure my Jane can say
 That Joy hath brushed her infant cares away;
 Can scan the past, and gather treasures thence
 To charm the future with young innocence.
 Breathes there the man, who deems with impious pride
 The woes of others to himself denied?
 Like ice-bound stream, he scorns the pensive tear,
 To Sorrow sacred, and to Memory dear.
 Have you e'er seen the breathing marble stand
 Fresh and majestic from the sculptor's hand;

And marked the moonlight glancing on the stone,
 As if 'twould warm the shape it shone upon?
 The stone indignant flings the light aside
 With high disdain—this is the stoic's pride.
 Though touched, insensible, he never knows
 The sigh that deepens, and the tear that flows.
 But thou, my Jane, art framed in softer mould:
 To thee the voice of Sorrow *never* told
 A fruitless tale—nay, Sorrow smiles, to see
 So soft, so sweet a visitant as thee.

And think upon the time, when you were prest
 With warmth parental to a parent's breast?
 When cradled sleep came o'er thine azure eyes,
 Did not a Mother's fondest prayer arise,
 Like incense, unto heaven? When Sorrow's blight
 Mildewed the energies of young delight,
 Did not a Mother's voice restore the ray,
 That lightened every thought, while thought was gay?
 Oh! yes—the grateful heart's responsive string
 Will vibrate softly to so dear a thing:
 Will fondly nurse the feeling Nature gave,
 As pure as moonlight sleeping on the wave,
 As pure as love that laughs in woman's eye,
 As pure as childhood's faintly-whispered sigh.
 So when Aurora's* virgin day-blush stole
 O'er Memnon's marble form, the latent soul

* Effigies sacri nitet aurea cercopitheci,
 Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ,
 Atque vetus Thebe centum jacet obruta portis.

JUV. Sat. xv. 4.

Of harmony was touched—and notes were heard,
That might have silenced spring's delicious bird.

Go, tell Caprice and Prejudice, how vain
To war with Nature and her glow restrain.
Go, tell them to arrest the noonday sun,
Suspend creation, ere her course be run ;
Enchain the rolling deep ;—ere madly try
To sear the heart, and burst Affection's tie.
—Be hushed, my wild harp ! 'tis a mightier hand
Should stamp dark guilt with guilt's unholy brand :
'Tis Pity should inspire thy tempered strain,
And leave the minions to a tortured brain.

'Twere harsh, my Jane, upon thy natal day
To bid thee weep : yet one was snatched away
In life's young morn, who well demands a tear ;—
Eliza sleeps upon a virgin bier.
The cup of joy was sparkling to the brim,
And false Hope promised it should *ne'er* be dim :
Death smiled malignant, as he marked his prey,
Dashed the bright cup, and bore the prize away.
Embalm her memory with tears—for she
Was more than friendship, more than love, to thee,
Thy second self—I see the tear-drop start,
But take, oh ! take, the moral to thy heart ;
And learn how vain is youth, how vain the bloom
Of health—Eliza sleeps beneath the tomb.

But thou, my Jane, whom Fortune soon will seat
In the blest bosom of a calm retreat,
Where Hymen decks the rosy bower of Love
With every flower luxuriant Fancy wove,

A home for two hearts melting into one,
Like lutes, that blend in clear harmonious tone ;—
Go, taste Religion's joys in sacred ease,
Whose ways are pleasant, and whose paths are peace.
With pure Religion's joys my song began,
And hailed the charmer and the friend of man :
My last note sounds Religion—'tis a tower
Of strong defence, when life's dark tempests lour.
Be thine the benison of Heaven ; be thine
The rapture of repose in life's decline :
May Joy unclouded gild each natal day,
And scatter roses on thy destined way!

Cambridge, 1820.

EVENING,

A FRAGMENT.

EVENING,

A FRAGMENT.

How beautiful, how still ! the sun's faint streak
But lightly lingers on the mountain-peak.
Fast fades the landscape from the glimmering view,
And dell, and wood, assume a soberer hue :
And on each shadowy bower, and castle-crest,
The sun, that proudly glanced, scarce deigns to rest.
The bannered hall, with many a trophy gay,
Shrinks into distance 'neath his farewell ray ;
Like far-off ship that skirts the darkening stream,
Or the dim prospect of some future scheme.
The dew-drop glistens on the spangled ground,
Calm is the air, and Silence reigns around :
Save the low murmur of the bleating fold,
With parent care by fostering shepherd told ;—
Save the low lengthened peal of vesper bell,
Which rings in Fancy's ear Day's funeral knell—
Like the last, fond behest of dying saint,
Or houri, such as Eastern visions paint.

Serene and silvery peeps the village spire
From clustering wild-wood, and majestic fir :
Serene on sculptured dome, and fretted tower,
Hangs the rich mellow tint of evening hour—

That hour, when sheeted forms are seen to rise,
 And burst the tomb with new-born energies :
 Then, speaking from the shroud, in judgment scan
 The dark and guilty deeds of erring Man ;
 Shake palsied Vice upon her loftiest throne,
 And, in a voice of thunder, bid her pomps begone.

Yet fair and welcome darts yon evening star
 In the blue arch of heaven her lustre far ;
 For many a tongue shall bless the chastened light,
 And many a young heart dance beneath the sight.

And mark the hurried step, that pants to press
 The lowly cot, the home of happiness ;—
 That home, by many a tender pledge endeared,
 When the heart promised what the judgment feared,
 When Hope o'er all her fairy mantle threw,
 And looks still lovely, as if life were new !
 And say, when wearied with the summer heat,
 What bids the peasant's throbbing cease to beat ?
 When his limb quivers with convulsive toil,
 And galling pains his boldest effort foil ;
 When haply too a master's stern command
 Bids his reluctant strength exhaust the land,
 And the big drop bedews his manly brow ;—
 What suasive power can soothe the sufferer's woe ?
 Oh, it is evening-tide can well repay
 The deep-stung pang of many a bitter day ;
 Can heal the wound by conscious feeling given,
 " Bid languor smile *," and make this earth a heaven.

Though rude and drear the path, ere gained his
home,

(From which his footsteps—ne'er his wishes, roam)

Still to that beacon-point Affection turns,

Still for that spot his anxious bosom burns.

'Tis gained, ah no! gay, busy Fancy sees

His clay-built cabin through the sheltering trees,

And cheats his ear with many a tender word,

By mutual love in happier hours preferred.

Hence to the blue profound another eye

Is raised in mute and tremulous sympathy;

Another eye is glancing to the door,

To catch, yet chide the truant o'er and o'er.

He comes! her light of love—of hopes and fears—

Ah, see her smiling through a shower of tears.

He comes! ah, watch her sink in his embrace,

See the tear struggle down his manly face.

And who hath dressed so neat the humble board,

And who hath culled the choicest of their hoard?

Hath sought the sweetest herb, the purest rill,

With many a wild fruit ripening on the hill?

'Tis she—his bird of beauty—she, whom many a year

Of joy and grief hath rendered doubly dear;

Whose dark eye, ruby lip, and glowing cheek,

For him alone so sweetly, softly speak.

But others claim a parent's fond caress;

His lips salute them, and his accents bless.

Then how they climb his knee, and prattling tell

Of each event their little schemes befell;

Who best has conned his task, and earned his play,

In all the glee of life's young holiday.

Then say not ye, who press the couch of down,
 On whom insidious Fate forbears to frown ;
 Whom Pleasure woos, and Syren charms invite,
 With all that lures the taste, or glads the sight—
 Oh ! say not Happiness for you alone
 Wreathes with her choicest flowers the gorgeous
 throne.

Your chains, though gilded, but enthrall you more,
 You live unenvied by the simple poor.

Then welcome be the song of nightingale,
 Who with the eve takes up her tender tale ;
 And welcome be the note of many a bird,
 Whose parting strain from bough to bough is heard.
 Learn hence, proud man, from every toil to cease,
 Seek thine own home, and hail the hour of peace ;
 For, blest as dew, that weeps on herb and flower,
 Glows the soft spirit of this witching hour.

Evening, mild monitress, how blest to feel
 Thy soothing sadness through the bosom steal !
 How does thy presence to the mind convey
 Congenial feelings with departed day !
 As the wild winds, by fitful starts, inspire
 The mournful music of the Æolian lyre ;
 And, softly breathing, softened strains afford,
 As if some spirit touched each airy chord ;
 Thy whispers vibrate, and thy measures move
 Spontaneous powers of Fancy, Genius, Love.

* * * *

Yoxford, 1821.

MISCELLANY.

MISCELLANY.

ORPHEUS could tame the savage throng,
And lull to rest the lingering wave ;
Could charm the mountains by his song,
But shrank defeated from the—grave.

July, 1816.

ON A LOCK OF HAIR.

HAIL, lovely 'lock, that weeping
Tells me a father's * fate ;
Tells me, he's fast asleeping,
In a happier state.
Once on his brow extending
You snatched a new-born grace :
Grasped, o'er his features bending,
The honours of his face.

* Obiit. 27 Apr. 1806. An. Æt. 29.

‘Alloquar? Audierone unquam tua verba loquentem?’

Blest then thy lot, reclining
 Upon a throne so sweet,
 Where every charm combining
 In full luxuriance meet.
 When summer's anger gleaming
 Shot languor through his frame ;
 Thy fairy mantle beaming
 Its fiercest rage could tame.
 When wintry winds contending
 Roared with terrific blast ;
 Thy fairy form descending
 Could calm it, as it past.
 Oft too, as wisdom's power
 Flashed, in its fane enshrined,
 Didst thou certify the hour,
 And aid his labouring mind ?
 And didst thou feel a sorrow
 Just quiver at thy heart ?
 And didst thou curse the morrow
 That warned thee thence to part ?
 E'en I could feel the blessing
 Gone, that a father gave :
 A tender breast distressing,
 To wet a father's grave.
 A widowed mother's smiling
 Alone could solace me ;
 Each infant care beguiling,
 Each pang of misery.
 Then lodge within my bosom,
 And fan its youthful fire :

If tears will start—oh ! close 'em,
 And other joys inspire.
 When wrapt in dear devotion
 I steal a pensive kiss ;
 Oh ! smooth my soul's commotion
 And sanctify the bliss.

August, 1816.

A FRAGMENT.

OH ! had the mandate of creative power
 But granted me the bee's wild pinion ;
 I'd search the bosom of each opening flower,
 That breathes its sweets in thy dominion.
 Sip silvery dew, or revel in the bloom
 Of every plant that sues the zephyr :
 Nor, as *you* hung upon their coy perfume
 Should other charms seduce me ever.
 As each new thought came rushing o'er thy mind,
 A mind replete with sense and splendour ;
 In a soft nosegay on thy breast reclined,
 I'd watch its birth—a blest offender !

* * * *

March, 1817.

SUCH the mild form (ere angry Heaven began
To desolate the race of guilty man)
Of Seraphs, who at evening-tide were seen
To bend their steps o'er Eden's hallowed green ;
With some high message from the realms above,
A deed of mercy, or a pledge of love.

May, 1817.

FLUNG on the breast of Ocean, as a weed,
Now sinks, now rises, while the waves succeed
Succeeding waves—so are my hopes and fears,
Now brightened into joy, now lost in tears.

August, 1817.

IN IMITATION OF COWPER.

No friend was nigh, no bosom friend,
As once I chanced to stray :
Yet Tip, my footsteps to attend,
Would ramble any way.
The little rogue my hand unbound,
And let the prisoner free :
He barked, and bounded o'er the ground,
Then turned, and looked at me.
Along the road my course I bent,
Tip trotting fast before :
He—with his liberty content,
And I—to muse things o'er.

Now 'mid the brakes he mocks my view,
 Now turns again to meet :
 Once more along the meads he flew,
 No roe-buck half so fleet.
 I saw him track the feathered game,
 And called him from his play :
 My voice in rage began to blame,—
 He looked my rage away.
 I thought of school and trophies won,
 So fond is boyhood's mind :
 But truth broke in—the spell is done—
 A void remains behind.
 I thought of school, and stern defeat,
 My few, green laurels torn :
 And Fancy poured no musings sweet—
 She only came to scorn.
 Visions of anguish, spare my heart :
 Away, sad scenes, away !
 Come if a friend ; a foe, depart ;
 Nor bid my soul be gay.

December, 1817.

TO A LADY,

WITH "SPECIMENS OF THE BRITISH POETS."

THE rose is fragrant, and the lily fair,
 The modest violet sheds a rich perfume ;
 The stately tulip springs into the air,
 And the gay pink rejoices in her bloom :
 Yet lovelier far, these lovely flowerets breathe,
 When all their beauty freshens in a wreath.

So the bright flowers of Wit and Genius shine,
 And, blended into one, endear the lay ;
 So Taste and Judgment consecrate the line,
 Exalt the soul, and steal the heart away :
 And coldly dull that heart, which can deny
 Due homage to the charms of Poesy.

Be thine the fragrance of the blushing rose,
 Be thine the modest violet's odorous sweet ;
 Be thou the tulip, stately as it grows,
 Gay as the pink, yet sedulously neat :
 Oh ! more than all, enshrine a virtuous breast,
 Alike in beauty, and in temper blest.

August, 1818.

FROM HORACE, ODE II. 16.

THE luckless mariner repose implores,
 When wild Ægaum to the tempest roars ;
 When not a moon, or star, appears to guide
 His faithless vessel o'er the dashing tide.
 Revengeful Thrace, that maddens o'er her foes,
 The quiver-bearing Mede implores repose :
 Repose, my friend, which never can be sold
 For Tyrian purple, or for glistening gold.
 'Tis not the pomp of power, the stately show
 Can snatch the bosom from its weight of woe ;

'Tis not the Consul's voice can bid to roam
 The cares, that flutter in a royal dome.
 Thrice happy he, in calm contentment blest!
 His wealth, the little all his sires possess;
 The day of innocence, the night of ease,
 And ever pleased with learning how to please.
 Shall foolish man, the being of an hour,
 Ape the bold projects of a mightier Power?
 For other realms, from home and kindred part?
 Was e'er such exile exiled from the *heart*?
 Care climbs the proud flotillas of the deep,
 And 'whelms embodied armies in her sweep:
 She comes, far fleetier than the winged wind,
 The dread companion of a wounded mind.
 The steady soul, 'gainst present ills prepared,
 Feels in itself an adamantine guard;
 Steeps a soft smile in life's embittering bowl,
 Since perfect happiness is past controul.
 Death snatched Achilles in his flower of prime,
 Age wore Tithonus with extended time:
This hour, perchance, yet hovering on the wing,
 What Fate to thee denies, to me may bring.
 Thine are the flocks, that crop Sicilian meads,
 Thine the proud neighing of a thousand steeds:
 For thee the dye assumes a brighter hue,
 And tints thy garment with æthereal blue.
 Mine is the slender farm my wishes choose,
 And the chaste spirit of the Grecian Muse;
 'Tis mine the envious rabble to discard,
 Proud in the title of a lyric bard.

October, 1818.

FROM CATULLUS, ODE XIX.

THIS spot,—where marshy villas spread around,
 Where the light reed, and osier rush abound,—
 Wrapt in an oak's dry form, and taught to feel
 The shaping beauties of the woodman's steel,
 This spot I nourished ; and each passing year
 Has seen luxuriance bloom unrivalled here.
 To me the tenants of this rude abode
 Pay votive sacrifice, and hail me god.
 Though poverty be theirs, you will not see
 One lonely thistle flourish near the tree.
 In social toil the sire and sons combine
 To pile meet incense on my rural shrine.
 For me the flowery Spring a wreath supplies,
 The violet dark, and darker poppy rise,
 The apple, cucumber, and corn-clad mead,
 The grape, that blushes in the vinous shade.
 My altar glistens with the steaming blood
 Of bearded goat, and all his baleful brood.
 Oh ! give Priapus then the honour due,
 And spare the vineyard and the garden too :
 Protect with jealous care this sacred land
 From school-boy triumphs, and the robber hand.
 Let you rich neighbour's treasures tempt the eye,
 Where scorned Priapus' rites neglected lie.
 Steal thence, and welcome—nay, *this* path shall lead
 The rogue in safety from the adventurous deed.

December, 1818.

TO THE MEMORY OF E. M. F.

Multis illa bonis flebilis occidit.—HOR.

PURE, as the silvery dew that gems the flower,
 Soft, as the image of a noon-day dream,
 Eliza fell in Beauty's virgin bower!
 Her young eye languished with a dying beam!
 The bud of innocence began to blow,
 The prayer of purity was heard to rise:
 That bud—lies chilled upon the couch of woe,
 That prayer—is whispered in her kindred skies.
 Her bosom heaved with thoughts, which angels own,
 Her spirit poured sweet Pity's sweetest tear;
 That bosom silent,—and that spirit flown,—
 She ne'er will weep again for sorrows here.
 Yet lives her memory in the tender breast,
 A new Elijah's mantle left behind:
 She heard the warning of her God's behest,
 And flew to hail it on the winged wind.
 Oh! yes, on wings of ecstasy she flew,
 An embryo seraph in the heaven of bliss:
 I marked her voice—she bade a long adieu
 To all the sorrows of a world like this.
 “ Ah! weep not, parents, weep not for a child,
 That bursts the shackles of the dull, cold clay,”
 She seemed to whisper, and serenely smiled;—
 “ My Maker calls me to eternal day.”

May, 1819.

LINES,

SCRIBBLED EXTEMPORE ON THE CHURCH-PORCH AT
MADDINGLEY, NEAR CAMBRIDGE.

YES—I could wish, when life's short path is trod,
To lay my head beneath thy greensward sod,
Sweet Maddingley! for dear the scene, where * Gray
Swept the chaste lyre, and poured his moral lay;
Where, in the morn of Genius, † White essayed
The myrtle and the laurel wreath to braid.
Yet Gray and White are gone! the willows wave
In mournful murmurs o'er their kindred grave.
Such be my last, long home! may ‡ Friendship pour
The tear of pity, when I breathe no more.

June, 1819.

JAGHERNAUT, A FRAGMENT.

CANTO I.

FELL Jaghernaut, along thy guilty land
Streams many a crimson tide: o'er every spot
Hath blood-nursed Havoc laid his red right hand,
And bared his victims in the air to rot.

* This churchyard is the reputed scene of Gray's celebrated Elegy.

† Henry Kirke White, of St. John's College, who died at the early age of 21, the victim of his studies and talents.

‡ Hor. Od. ii. 6. 22.

No tearful eye is seen—by all forgot,
 Save Nature's winged murderers, unbleached bones
 Lie houseless ;—"dust to dust" was chaunted not,
 Nor solemn organ rolled angelic tones,
 But Superstition clanks her chain, and madly moans.

Yet here balm gushes from each wildwood tree,
 Sabæan sweets the airs of heaven exhale ;
 The rich banana waves her foliage free,
 And flings her incense on the vassal gale.
 Who would not deem, that soft should be the tale
 Of such soft scenes? that blue-eyed Innocence,
 Like rose-bud scenting Sharon's odorous vale,
 Should o'er these realms her sweetest charms
 dispense,
 And not a dark cloud dim the paradise of sense?

Yet dark the purport of that living mass,
 Which hurries on, like surges of the sea :
 And not a heart of them, who proudly pass,
 But triumphs at the thought of death to be.
 Their bosom, sheathed in iron apathy,
 With prescient ardour hopes the passive prey :
 Expectance paints the murderous revelry,
 While words of cheer deceive the distant way,
 And every eye for Jaghernaut beams bright and gay.

Gay is the marching of that locust band,
 Bright the sun dances on their varied dress :

And,—but that Murder waves her crimson wand,—
 The eye might revel in such loveliness.
 Men, women, babes, in mingled columns press,
 And send a shout of joy, if joy be there
 Where human victims, in accurst excess
 Of wild enthusiasm, murmur forth a prayer,
 And dash themselves to earth with many a frantic air.

Hushed now those Babel sounds, and all is still,
 Like the low prelude to the louring storm :
 Then bursts again the deep, tumultuous thrill
 Of paynim exultation :—rapture warm
 Swells the loud cry to greet their temple's form.
 Again, again—" 'Tis there—the hallowed fane,
 The shrine of all our hopes,—the beacon charm,
 Which led our pilgrim steps o'er many a plain ;—
 We bless our temple, and adore our God again."

Seemed as the burst of music, but the sound
 Hath softened into lowest harmony :
 Seems as the reeds, which Zephyr waves around,
 Making them vocal——

* * * * *

CANTO II.

Why fades the lustre of that eagle eye?
 Why sinks the grandeur of that high-arched brow ?
 —One drop of water, ere the victim die,
 Ere fled the sense of agony below.

Did he not deem, ere nature's mortal throe
 Convulsed his shivering frame, to bow the knee
 At Jaghernaut's high shrine?—but there is woe,
 Which e'en of Jaghernaut no proud decree
 Can cancel, or relieve the wretch from misery.

Where is his wild-cane cot? and where the trees
 His hand had planted in the morn of life?
 Where the wild bower, that caught the evening
 breeze,
 Graced by the presence of a bosom wife?
 How blest the spot, where 'erst in rapture rife,
 He sucked the lusciousness of love, when Heaven
 Had snatched him from a land of strife,
 From blood-stained Gallia's land, and *she* was given,
 The fairest of the fair, the spotless without leaven.

Young hearts, I ween, will tremble at the tale,
 Young hearts, that know the very soul of love:
 And tears will fall, and loud will be the wail
 O'er those, who hasten to a world above.
 Yes—when the bud was blushing, to remove
 The nectar gem from hands, that feebly held
 The dear delicious boon—oh! who could prove
 Such cutting cruelty with tears repelled,
 The crystal fount of sympathy and feeling quelled?

* * * * *

October, 1819.

CHARITY.

OH! where are the day-dreams I fostered in youth,
 When, vision-like, Pleasure flew o'er me?
 When Fancy was robed in the mantle of Truth,
 And Hope spread her rainbow before me?
 Alas! they lie cold in the tomb of the past,
 Their slumbers no voice can awaken:
 And thither a look of regret when I cast,
 I feel the more lone and forsaken.
 For Sorrow's keen shaft hath stung me severely,
 My heart—it is blighted, and broken:
 Of all the dear friends, I cherished so dearly,
 There lives not a sign, nor a token—
 Yet oh! to my God I will make my appeal,
 He regardeth the cry of distress;
 The hand that relieves, and the heart that can feel,
 His high providence surely will bless.

* * * * *

March, 1820.

TO NEÆRA,

WITH "GERTRUDE OF WYOMING."

I KNOW, Neæra, 'tis a trifle,
 Yet not unworthy thee:
 And when the poet's sweets you rifle,
 If chance a thought should be
 Of *one* away—oh! do not stifle
 That thought's blest infancy.

August, 1820.

AH!

Alas! that Cupid's urchin dart
 Hath power to wound a lettered heart!
September, 1820.

STANZAS.

Κῆποτ' αἴσις· SOPH. ANTIG. 821.

“Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind.”—GRAY.

WHEN friends are flown, and we're alone,
 What pleasure lags behind?
 To wake and weep in anguish deep—
 Say, can it soothe the mind?
 'Tis poor relief to cherish grief
 O'er objects prized sincerely:
 Yet he, who *feels*, from memory steals
 A charm, he doats on dearly.
 Let storms arise from angry skies,
 Quick iris tints appear:
 So Hope is seen, with angel mien,
 To chase the struggling tear.
 Youth is the hour for passion's power,
 When life is full of feeling:
 But ah! it brings some scorpion stings,
 Beyond the reach of healing.

Not one, I ween, in this wide scene,
 But loves the poison-pleasure :
 Not one, I ween, or high or mean,
 But clasps the bitter treasure.
 Warm tears will flow, and young hearts glow,
 The sternest soul relenting :
 Soft Pity's sigh shall murmur by,
 Like lay of lute lamenting.
 The mingled tide of streams will glide
 (Like twins) in sister-state :
 Then haste to borrow of joy and sorrow
 The varied gifts of fate.
 Oh ! do not stay the bosom's sway
 Though man may scorn severely :
 Oh ! do not stop the precious drop,—
 That drop will glad thee cheerly.
 'Twill give to thee, what's sweet to see,
 The sweets of recollection :
 As springs the flower in summer shower,
 A pledge of fond affection.
 And should a thought intrude unsought
 Of *one*, though young, yet blighted ;
 Chase not the scene of what *has been*,
 In which that *one* delighted.
 The winds, that rave around the grave
 Of buried hopes, are wailing :
 And *one* shall hear, unblanched by fear,
 The note of woe prevailing.

September, 1820.

“ The magic of a name.”—CAMPBELL.

WHY does the minstrel wake the soul of song ?
 The statesman ply each bolder aim ?
 The warrior plunge amid the thickest throng?—
 To earn the guerdon of a *name*.
 Yet, lady, you request me to indite it,
 Rude and untutored to the task :
 But, oh ! believe me, I am proud to write it :
 Can I refuse, what you can ask ?

September, 1820.

A LADY begs me to inscribe her *name*,
 Though gentlemen would beg to *change* it :
 Hard task ! yet if she deem it all the same,
 I cannot, will not, dare derange it.

September, 1820.

STANZAS.

But still her lips refused to send—"Farewell!"
 For in that word—that fatal word—howe'er
 We promise—hope—believe—there breathes despair.

CORSAIR. Canto I. 490.

FAREWELL to the land, where in transport I've
 wandered,

And have dreamed the dear dream of content and
 of love!

Farewell to the scenes, where in thought I have
 pondered,

And pictured fair prospects, time can *never* remove!
 I cannot forget the wild walks I have taken

With the pearl of my heart, and the soul of my joy:
 The tones of *her* voice shall hereafter awaken,

And the glance of *her* looks shall the future employ.
 I'll turn to thee, Tenby, with tender affection,

So devoutly no pilgrim can turn to his shrine:
 Thy scenes I will stamp in the page of reflection,

Till the past shall revive, and again become mine.
 Ah! yes, I will cherish those moments of rapture,

When the flash of the soul was beaming the brightest;
 I will clasp the dear chains, and bless the dear capture,

For then, though all fettered, my bosom was lightest.

The blithe eye of Beauty was sparkling before me,

The voice of Neæra in tenderness sounded :

Can I tell thee, dear girl, how much I adore thee ?

That with *thee* all my hopes of pleasure are
bounded ?

When you see the chaste moon in pride and in glory,

Will you think on the words, that I dared to reveal ?

How I said, that love's steady flame was her story,

'Twas the emblem of truth, and fidelity's seal ?

When you wander along the fields of green Erin,

And the home of your fathers is smiling at hand ;

Forget not dear Tenby ; forget not repairing

To her wilds, and her cliffs, and her wave-beaten
strand.

For new friends may be decked in the semblance of
truth,

And idly may swear, that they love you sincerely :

Then remember, dear girl, the devoted fond youth,

Who swore not at all, though he prizes you dearly.

The lures of ambition, of wealth, and of pleasure,

Are seldom (believe me) the companions of bliss :

The *heart* that is *true*, is a gem beyond measure ;

It is bright in enjoyment, more bright in distress.

September, 1820.

RECOLLECTIONS.

O Memory ! thou fond deceiver
 Still importunate and vain,
 To former joys recurring ever,
 And turning all the past to pain.

GOLDSMITH.

Ay—many a sun hath set, since my young hand
 Smote the wild lyre ; and many a fitful breeze
 Hath passed along the chords, since Fancy's wand
 Called forth her shapes to dazzle, and to please ;
 And every throb and passion is at peace.
 Awake, my harp ! is there no untried theme
 To rouse thy tremulous strains ? can Memory cease
 To woo the musings of her once-loved dream,
 As dear, as ever warmed a bard by wizard stream ?

The thoughts of other days, in shadowy throng,
 Tumultuous pass before me : dost thou see
 Superior 'mid the forms, that float along,
 One lovelier than the loveliest nymph may be ?
 Ay—by the blossom of that cheek 'tis she :
 She, for whose love my every pulse is beating ;
 And, as the past awakes a hollow sigh,
 I feel the blood advancing and retreating—
 Yet oh ! deceptive bliss, the pangs of absence cheating.

A world of time enshrouds the slow-paced hours
 That part young bosoms, melting in deep love :
 When last *thy* full eye sank in tender showers,
 Methought it spoke of pangs, we had to prove.
 Yet lovely as the moon in her alcove
 Of silver splendour, when a robe of dew
 Inwreathes her, and the stars, her handmaids, move
 In mystic maze—it glistened to the view,
 As fain it would have looked my bosom through and
 through.

Planet of memory! I bless thy beam
 With dear devotion, for to thee I owe
 The phantom of my joy. As waters gleam
 Reflectively, and bright, and beauteous flow
 In triumph to the dancing rays, that throw
 Athwart the blue expanse a blaze of light :—
 So, Memory, dost thou teach my heart to know
 The sweetness of the past, till I delight
 To catch the fairy forms, that flit before my sight.

A few, brief, little moons—and oh ! how sweet
 To rove with thee, fair sovereign of my breast,
 Fair idol of my faith, while feelings beat
 In fondest unison to lot so blest.
 The waters rolled around us ; and the crest
 Of distant cliff was streaked with paly red,
 Caught from the sun, just sinking into rest ;
 All Nature slumbered in her summer bed,
 The wild winds were enchained, and nought was
 heard to dread :

Nought, save the dash of billows—like the noise
 Of busy city, murmuring round the head
 Of calm Philosophy, whose “still small voice”
 Rose faintly, fitfully: methought, it said,
 How lovely in the storms of life is shed
 The ray of peace o’er some romantic cot,
 By two hearts tenanted, whose thoughts are led
 To one magnetic point; whose wish is not
 For pomp and grandeur, but a still sequestered spot.

In such a moment we were wont to pause,
 And gaze upon the star of Destiny:
 Did we not deem it, like transparent gauze,
 With spangles studded to enchant the eye?
 Oh! we did whisper (and a little sigh
 Betrayed too legibly of future scenes)
 That star would guard us from the ills, that ply
 Poor man:—alas! delusive Fancy gleams
 Against the woes of life fond, flattering, faithless
 means.

And now that waves divide us (did we deem
 The pang of parting half so keen?) I gaze
 On that same twinkling star, till tear-drops stream
 In showers of feeling, and departed days,
 Like phantoms, sweep around me;—dost *thou* trace
 With lingering look yon brilliant of the sky,
 Commanding with me through a world of space?
 Love whispers “yes;” and curbs the anxious sigh,
 That struggles forth, whene’er I muse on joys gone by.

Must then these passion-thoughts be banished?
 And must I chase the memory of the past,
 Sweet, as rich spice embalms the royal dead,
 And stays Expression, ere it vanish fast?
 Alas! in darkness is my fortune cast.
 Farewell, a long farewell, ye scenes, that erst
 Were Paradise to me!—the biting blast
 Hath seared and scattered every bud I nurst—
 The stem, that yet remains, is blighted, battered,
 curst.

Curst by rude Fate! and yet the breath of Love
 Fanned its young leaves, and tears of tenderness
 Fed it with springs of water. But remove
 The fostered plant, its infant shoots repress—
 I tell thee, seeds will linger there, to bless
 The spot, where *first* it flourished;—and the *heart*,
 That revelled in those scenes of happiness,
 Which Fate for *others* bids to being start,
Will break in twain, ere wholly with its idol part.

January, 1821.

CANZONET.

Αλλ', ὦ φίλε, Σέρσυνε τοῖς αὐτοῖσί τει
Οὐκ αὐτὸς αἰὶ δαιμόνων παραστατεῖ.

SOPH. ELECT. 922.

A GLEAM of light is quivering on the wave,
Nereïds are dancing in their coral cave :
No blast awakes his voice, to drive at chance
A pilgrim shallop o'er the blue expanse.
My life, it is the bark of " young Desire *,"
And light and lovely shall the gales respire.
Those Nereïds are the charms of cherub Love
In all the purity of bliss above.
Luscious o'er all Hope's golden gleam is glowing,
Dear as the raptured vow, from passion flowing,
A flash from heaven, a heavenly prospect showing.
Catch, catch the strain, till mutual hearts confess
Responsive throbs *can* kindle, cherish, bless.
Ennobling let it chase dark Fancy's brood,
And thoughts, that chill the hour of Solitude :
Gladsome, as woodland carol, let it thrill,
Harmonious index of my fondest will :
Embalm it with a smile.—My harp, be still.

May, 1821.

ON A PEBBLE,

WHICH WAS GIVEN ME BY NEERA, AND SET IN A BROOCH.

How delicious to me, like a vision of sleep,
Is the pebble so vivid, you gave me to keep :

* Moore.

In *my* eyes it is worth all the gems, that adorn
The deep caves of the sea in the prime of the morn.

Have you marked the clear waters, from fountains
that gush?

Or a maiden's young cheek, that is tinged with a
blush,

When a thought of the past wakes a scene that is gone,
Just as faint as the smile of a summer eve's sun?

You would say, that the waters were lovely and bright,
That the maiden's young cheek was a rose of delight :
Thus to fancy appears the dear gem, which you gave—
Like the blush of that maiden, the sheen of that wave.

'Tis dear and 'tis welcome, as a soul to her rest,
When hymns of rich music waft her on to the blest :
As the pæan is sweet to the warrior's ear,
When he springs to the field, and the battle is near.

In my heart I will place it with many a sigh,
And will think on my love with a tear in mine eye :
Oh! I would not exchange for the crown of a king,
For it brings me a joy no tiara can bring.

My delight to enhance, to preserve me from ill,
In my breast I will treasure this amulet still ;
Far lovelier it is than the spells of the East,
Which Arabia's soft girls bear away to the feast.

In that breast it will lie, like a god in his shrine,
 And with virtue its own make the feelings divine :
 And, if ever my thoughts haply wander astray,
 I will turn to my Mentor, and seek the lost way.

Thus in honour, affection, and truth 'twill be decked,
 And be pregnant with charms, never known in
 neglect :

When unheeding, unheeded, it shone by the sea*,
 Like a bud of the waste, blooming lonely and free.

When the garden of life by our feet has been trod,
 And the flowers, once so beautiful, droop in the sod :
 Still a thought shall survive and embalm our decline,
 That the roses we culled, when the season was fine.

As a mirror reflects all the lines of the face,
 So of life, that is fleeting, the chart we may trace :
 But the map it will brighten, to ponder the time,
 When each token beamed lovely and fresh in its prime.

June, 1821.

FROM THE FRENCH.

YES ! my *heart* is my treasure, the *all* I possess ;
 As to those, that are richer, of love they have less :

• The pebble was found on the coast of Wicklow.

But (believe me) this heart, it is tender and true,
 And each thought, that it breathes, may be bared to
 the view.

The pure flame that I foster, thy presence augments,
 It enraptures my heart, it consumes, it torments.

No—it is not a feeling to wander and range,
 Which a moment creates, and a moment can change ;
 In my heart deeply graved, that beams bright with
 the flame,

(Ah! forgive a short sigh) 'tis the *soul* of my frame.

In the tumult so soft as my senses are tost,

All the incense I vowed is forgotten and lost.

When an exile you roam by a fate too unkind,

Pleasure tracks thy dear steps, but Regret lags behind;

Then the Morning forbears her cool freshness to shed,

Fades the grass, and the rose is all scentless and dead;

Then Nature in pity seems to sigh to my moan,

And poor Philomel's plaint but re-echoes my own.

July, 1821.

TO BE WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM

UNDER A BOUQUET OF PAINTED FLOWERS.

WHEN thine eye is reposing upon the gay wreath,
 Whose sweet flowers distil all the sweetness they
 breathe,

How delightful to think it is Friendship, that weaves
 The rich nosegay so fair with her fairest of leaves!

The wild buds of Talent, the wild blossoms of Wit,
 Here invite thee to feast on so precious a treat.
 Thus of Pleasure the cup will be bright to the brim,
 And the poison of Sorrow grow feeble and dim.

Inhale then the fragrance, ere its freshness be fled,
 Like a cloud of the morn, or a voice from the dead.
 As on Time's stormy ocean in triumph we sail,
 Oh! remember 'tis Friendship, whose charms never
 fail.

August, 1821.

ON LEAVING CLONMANNEN,

THE SEAT OF THE REVEREND DR. TRUELL.

WHEN I gazed on Clonmannen's bright beautiful halls,
 With the mountains and ocean in view,
 I remembered the lot, which so many befalls,
 Though 'tis prized and acknowledged by few.
 For the mountains, though cultured, are chilly and
 bleak,
 And the voice of the ocean is stern;
 Yet Clonmannen appeared in the midst to bespeak
 The content, which a prince cannot earn.
 And oh! does not rich Mercy descend from above
 To enfranchise the world from its woes?
 But how few in that world can the blessing improve,
 While they heed not the source whence it flows.

Did ye pardon the sigh, that escaped my adieu,
 For it went to my heart and my head :
 ‘May sweet Peace everwave her white wings over you,’
 Was the prayer that I *then would* have said.
 When ye tread your gay grounds, that are hallowed
 by Taste,
 When ye list to the ocean’s rude roar,
 Will ye fling the brief glance of a thought on the waste
 For the stranger on Albion’s shore ?
 Yes, the day-spring of hope shall beam bright on his
 mind
 To revisit the spot where ye dwell ;
 May he *then* find you friendly, and feeling, and kind,
 As the hour, when he breathed a farewell.
September, 1821.

THE MEETING.

Tam te basia multa basiare,
 Vesano satis et super Catullo est.

CAT. vii. 9.

THE kiss I left upon thy cheek,
 Came warmly from my heart :
 And it would tell thee, could it speak,
 The *all* to me *thou* art.
 For I have dreamed the wildest things,
 That ever mortal knew :
 I turn to *thee*,—conviction springs,—
 My dreams are more than true.

I find thee fairer than before,
 Though then I thought thee fairest :
 I think upon thee o'er and o'er,
 I find thee still the dearest.
 Ten thousand recollections sweet
 Throng in upon my view :
 Atones it not, *so well* to meet,
 For that wild word, adieu ?
 Yet seems it like a vision fair,
 Which dazzles to deceive :
 But when I see thy dear self there,
 I dare not disbelieve.

September, 1821.

TO NEERA, SINGING.

OH ! say not, that the "brightest joys will fade,"
 Or that the "sweetest flowers" will soon decay ;
 Although to hear each plaintive wild note made
 Thrills to my soul, and steals my heart away.
 'Tis (I confess) the felon west-wind's sigh,
 That robs the violet of her rich perfume :
 One moment, and another gale waves by,—
 The theft is paid for by the robber's doom.
 Ah ! why then do I doubt the tones, that flow
 From lips, where truth and meekness are enshrined ?
 Is it because the *heart will* answer "No"
 To strains, that battle with a lover's mind ?

For oh ! to see thee, hear thee, is the joy
 That blends my waking and my sleeping hours :
 But then to think, that Time *can all* destroy,—
 Go, kill the wild bird in his native bowers.

September, 1821.

THE WISH.

WHEN my fond arm encircles thee,
 And love enchains my soul ;
 I fain could wish, that bliss to be
 Exempt from Time's controul.
 When my fond eye is turned to thine
 In rapture's mute amaze ;
 I fain could wish the power were mine
 T' immortalize that gaze.
 But jealous Time will steal along,
 In spite of all I say :
 Yet Time himself can do no wrong,
 While Memory holds her sway.
 For I will treasure every look
 That steals into my heart,
 Till the pure page in life's bright book
 Become my *only* chart.

September, 1821.

TO NEERA,

WITH "THOMSON'S SEASONS."

YES! poetic (I ween) are the gales and the grove,
 When they sigh to the voice of omnipotent Love:
 And, endeared to the Muse, as a child to her sire,
 Is the flower, that is fanned by the breath of Desire.

On the mountain, that bares its broad breast to the
 sky,
 By the stream, like a bride, running joyfully by,
 You will ponder and pause with enthusiast care,
 When you know, that the steps of young Love have
 been there.

Can ye match me the shades of romantic Vacluse?
 Can ye match me Lausanne for the softest of hues?
 To the soul of Remembrance, say, are they not dear?
 Can ye greet the lorn spot, and refrain from a tear?

It is Love lendeth lustre and life to the scene,
 While the Seasons march on with the state of a queen:
 Ah! if Love be away, all the spirit is fled,
 And the form, that *was* lovely, is lifeless and dead.

You can feel the sweet tones of a Thomson's sweet
 voice,
 O'er Amelia weep, with Musidora rejoice:
 As a ripple is seen on the breast of the lake,
 As the harp is inspired, when the wind is awake.

Let life's winter steal on, like a thief in the night,
 And an echo reply to the voice of delight;
 Yea, let Music and Mirth no more redolence bring;—
 Still shall Hope be your guide to a far brighter spring.

So, on wings of ambrosia, the Morning will bear
 All the charms, that can smooth the dark brow of
 Despair:

So the worm, that was dead, will awake in its cell,
 And, elastic with life, bid adieu to its shell.

September, 1821.

THE PARTING.

IMPROMPTU.

“Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.”—ÆN. i. 203.

THERE'S a voice from the tomb, that is sweeter than
 song,

Though it wakes the hot tear, still it softens the
 heart:

So to joys, that are fled, such bright treasures belong,
 That, oh! from them no magic can tempt us to part.
 It is cold, it is hollow, yet solemn and dear,

And the beauty of death is beaming all o'er it;
 It may kill us to *think* on the pleasures that *were*,
 But, like moths in the light, we still flutter before it.

October, 1821.

IMPROMPTU.

“ There are few things, not purely evil, of which we can say, without some emotion of uneasiness, *this is the last.*”

JOHNSON'S *Idler*, No. 103.

WHEN I am gone from Erin's shore,
 Where Pleasure wooed me ;
 Where dwells the girl, whom I adore,
 Whose charms subdued me ;
 Say, *will* she with a streaming eye
 Turn to the sister-coast ?
 For him, the stranger, will she sigh,
 Who loves her *more* than *most* ?
 Alas ! *his* heart will linger here,
 Though hence his steps must stray ;
 Past are the hours he found most dear—
 Their memory lights his way.

October, 1821.

TO A VIOLET,

WHICH WAS PICKED UP IN THE ROAD.

SURE, I could weep for thee, neglected flower !
 For thou wast gathered by some churlish hand
 In the “ full pride of thy meridian hour *,”
 And *now* thou liest unheeded on the strand.

* Joseph Warton.

'Tis ever thus: ungrateful man will pray
 For every gift, that dew-like drops from heaven;
 Then, as the owl, that turns from light away,
 Reject with cynic scorn the blessing given.
 And woman too—the flower of Paradise—
 Oh! if she dare in faithless man to trust
 The evening incense of her maiden sighs;—
 Like thee, poor flower, she withers in the dust.

March, 1822.

LINES TO MY YOUNGEST BROTHER,

WITH A PLATE OF HIS CARD.

WHERE'ER you go,
 Be sure to show
 The token where to find ye:
 'Tis good for fame
 To keep a name,
 And yet leave one behind ye.

That yours will be
 From blemish free,
 I dare to hope;—and cannot fear,
 When you are fled,
 But 'twill be said,
 “ Oh! how we wish for Richard here!”

April, 1822.

Χαλεπὸν τὸ μὴ φιλεῖσαι,
 Χαλεπὸν δὲ καὶ φιλεῖσαι·
 Χαλεπώτερον δὲ πάντων
 Ἀποτυγχάνειν φιλοῦντο.

ANACREON.

Do not call the poet Rover,
 E'en though the charge be true :
 Bid the poet be a lover,
 He lives and loves for you.
 Many a bright cloud passes o'er
 The azure veil of July's sky ;
 Till evening weeps her balmy store,
 And spreads her purple dye.
 Then one pure tint alone appears
 In triumph o'er the rest :
 And many a thought of other years
 Will yield to *one* the breast.

August, 1822.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

OH ! do not scorn the wayward line,
 Nor deem it insincere,
 Though many a loftier lay than mine
 Be brought to flourish here.

The treasures of the gardener's toil
Are beautiful and bright ;
Yet humbler flowers, that deck the soil,
Have power to charm the sight.
May Health, and Peace, and Pleasure live
Around thy dwelling free :
For e'en Neera will forgive
The prayer I breathe for thee.

September, 1822.



SONNETS.

SONNETS.

TO A LADY,

WITH "PLEASURES OF MEMORY."

WHEN sullen Chance, or Fortune bids me part
Far from romantic scenes my soul holds dear,
And every little joy I've cherished here,
Oh! *then* let Memory's tablet be the heart.
And if a thought, a transient thought, should start
Of him, who breathes one fervent wish for thee,
That thy young breast from sorrow may be free,
Spurn it not thence—but in the hour of grace
Give the intrusive rogue a resting place.
Perchance, 'twill please, a fleeting thought to cast
On scenes departed, and events long past,
And smooth the shafts of absence in their race.
Oh! let the giver and the gift agree,
And Memory consecrates her muse to thee.

Jan. 16, 1818.

TO THE REVEREND JOHN WOOL, D.D.

HEAD MASTER OF RUGBY SCHOOL.

‘Ah ! happy years ! once more who would not be a boy ?’

CHILDE HAROLD, Canto ii. stanza 23.

To THEE, who oped my boyish mind to views
 Of loftier energy, and bade me trace
 A Homer's grandeur, and a Virgil's grace,
 A tender, short “farewell,” can I refuse ?
 Blest be the hand, that shed a verdant leaf
 Around my brow : and oh ! one prayer I breathe,
 That time may twine it to a laurel wreath,
 Unscared by envy, unalloyed by grief.
 Me as Affection's voice shall love to bend
 Where many a youth (when life each pleasure gave)
 With me has sported in pure Avon's wave,
 Still may I find the patron and the friend !
 'Twill wake each little friendship, now no more :
 'Twill wake a sigh to feel my childhood o'er.

June 20, 1818.

TO A BLUE BRACELET.

Go, happy bracelet, go, and tell the fair,
 Whose arm of virgin snow 'tis thine to bind,
 To cultivate the graces of the mind,
 Nor heed the trifles, she may chance to wear.
 Yet canst thou hope to emulate the hue,
 Which smiles and sparkles in one tender vein?
 No!—of a brighter lustre to complain,
 And softer tint, alone remains for you.
 That tint—'tis beautiful, as heaven the while,
 When cloudless azure floats along the sky:
 More beautiful her heart of purity,
 Where Virtues ripen, and where Graces smile.
 Then live, blest bracelet, in a lot divine,
 The wish of him, who traced this hasty line.

Sept. 17, 1818.

TO A LADY,

WITH OTWAY'S "ORPHAN."

LADY, methinks, when o'er the plaintive page
 Thy blue eye lingers, a spontaneous tear
 In dewy loveliness will quick appear,
 And speak of sympathies thy heart engage.
 Weep—for 'tis Virtue's tear! a tear so sweet,
 That wondering Seraphs record it in heaven,
 And deem Benevolence, to mortals given,
 Pure as the joy, with which their bosoms beat.
 A tear is beautiful in woman's eye ;
 Yet doubly beautiful, when " Orphans' " woes
 That living pledge of tenderness disclose,
 And claim the homage of a heart-felt sigh.
 Weep, lady, weep—'tis more than airy bliss—
 I scarce could stop the current with a kiss.

Oct. 3, 1818.

TO A FLOWER.

SWEET flower, when I beheld thy lovely head
Lone lingering on the stem, methought 'twas May:
Thy tint so beautiful, thy leaf so gay,
I scarce could deem the balmy summer fled.
Did the bleak North his cruel rage forbear,
Enamoured of thy beauty, as he past?
For, oh! thy form would wither in the blast,
Fanned by the fragrance of a milder air.
Strange, that no tender hand hath culled thee, flower,
To twine into a wreath, or bind the brow;
But thou art left, a monument of woe,
The sport of every breeze, and every shower;
Like some lone exile in this world of care,
Who, reft of all, lies shrouded in despair.

Oct. 29, 1818.

TO A MYRTLE,

GIVEN ME BY A LADY, AND REARED BY HERSELF.

YES—thou wert fostered by as fair a hand,
 As ever beauty graced, as ever wore
 A badge of triumph, which the champion bore,
 What time young Chivalry wooed Albion's land.
 Thy leaves exhale her breath, whose genial care
 Nursed thee, ambiguous plant!—at morn and eve
 She would with thee a loitering hour deceive,
 And smile at every charm unfolding there.
 The lovely prize she gave:—though cherished much,
 (As much it should be) yet I joy to know,
 That still beneath her eye new beauties glow,
 New graces still repay her tender touch.
 And wilt thou, canst thou, dare to fade away?—
 Thy fragrance freshens, as thy leaves decay.

April 12, 1819.

TO MR. BIRD,

ON HIS "VALE OF SLAUGHDEN."

WHEN Night hath rolled her mantle o'er the sky,
 And Stillness broods above the glassy stream:—
 Then have I roved, in fancy's wildest dream,
 And caught with listening ear the thrilling cry
 Of the lorn nightingale—till ecstasy
 In soft delirium stole across my breast,
 And every ruder passion sank to rest,
 While danced the heart, and rapturous joy beat high.
 So mild the magic of her melody,
 I've shed a tear to mark the dim stars fade:—
 I could have lingered in that music shade
 For ever, as the rich tones floated by!
 So you, sweet *Bird*, young Fancy's darling child,
 Touch the soft lyre, and tune your "wood-notes wild."

April 17, 1819.

TO A GOLDFINCH,

WHICH BEGUILLED A SOLITARY WALK.

BOLD bird, thy confidence hath won my heart ;
 Nor would I, could I, for a world destroy
 Thy little blandishments of summer joy,
 Or with unfeeling tumult bid thee part.
 —And yet so sweet thy note, thy plume so bright,
 I fain could clasp thee to my throbbing breast,
 And make thee there as soft and warm a nest,
 As ever parent built on woody height.
 Fond, foolish thought ! 't would lure me to detain
 Thee, a lone prisoner of my lonely room :—
 Ah ! then farewell the brilliance of thy plume,
 Farewell the sweetness of thy thrilling strain.
 I love thy carol, as it vibrates by,
 Too well to rob thee of thy liberty.

July 10, 1819.

MELANCHOLY MUSING.

THE village bell comes softened by the breeze,
And melts most musical—yet every tone
Seems like the hollow voice of Friendship gone,
When Fancy sorrows at the form, she sees.
Now 'tis the sound of seraphs, whispering peace
To the departing soul:—if, stranger, thou
Hast watched the last glance of the closing brow,
'Twill bid the worthless world's poor pageant cease.
For what is life? A scene of hopes and fears,
Which lure the boy, and cheat the full-grown man:
Shun, shun the insidious Syren while you can,
Nor tempt the anguish of repentant tears.
That bell shall toll, when thy cold corse is laid
In the rude bosom of some hamlet shade.

July 11, 1819.

REGRET.

HE, who hath known a wild, delicious thrill,
When woody heights arrest the gazing eye,
And darksome dells along the distance lie,
And shepherd's whistle warbles down the hill,
Will sorrow, as he turns him to depart :
Yea ! he will muse on every joy, that's been
The dear companion of the sylvan scene,
And feel a dampy chillness at the heart.
The woody height—was contemplation's friend,
Those dells—they whispered of secluded ease,
The shepherd's whistle—was the voice of peace,—
And all was bliss, for each in each did blend.
Oh ! he will mingle with his last adieu,
“ When shall I gaze, ye Scenes, again on you ? ”

July 12, 1819.

THE RETROSPECT.

ULLESTHORPE, as on thy happy seats I muse,
 And think how bridal Nature decked each sod
 With mantle azure-green, when late I trod
 Thy tufted dells, why does my heart refuse
 A kindred thrill?—Is it, that Memory views
 The fluttering phantom of departed joys?
 For Music woke her wild and wizard voice,
 And Poesy bathed deep in honey dew,
 Amid *thy* lovely bowers, the enraptured soul:
 And there was circling on the merry green,
 While Friendship waved her plumes, and Pleasure
 stole
 With silvery sandals o'er the living scene.
 Where are ye now?—Alas! like dead man's knoll,
 Ye strangely whisper what the past hath been.

April 22, 1820.

TO PEMBROKE CASTLE,

BY MOON-LIGHT.

How delicate upon this ruined pile
 The paly moonbeam rests ! it loves the spot,
 By all, save tenants of the air, forgot ;
 And flings o'er ivied masses many a smile.
 Did he, who boldly planned it, fondly deem
 Its grandeur fadeless ? did he deem, that Joy
 Would ring through bannered hall her revelry
 For ever, in the flash of Beauty's beam ?
 Then bid his Spirit mark the idle weed,
 That wantons in the wind 'mid mouldering heaps ;
 And pause a moment, where Destruction keeps
 Her savage seat, and glories in the deed.
 And yet, methinks, it triumphs o'er decay—
 A splendid wreck of splendour past away.

July 23, 1820.

TO CAREW CASTLE.

STERN Spirit, whose gigantic throne is raised
On gaping battlement, and ruined tower,
Whilst every moment magnifies thy power,
I ask not thee to weep this darkling waste.
Yet oh! so mellow and so soft the tint,
Thy fairy hand hath left—the very place
Beams charms unearthly, that I love to trace
Thy dower of ages, thy pervading print.
But where are Beauty's tears?—for they will fall
O'er every spot, that rang to Beauty's feet,
When melting music rose in accents sweet,
With sportive mirth amid this empty hall.
Majestic pile! thou mind'st me of the hour,
When I *was* blest in Joy's voluptuous bower.

July 29, 1820.

SYMPATHY.

AND why not weep? the soft and sacred tear,
 That waters Friendship's tomb; the swelling sigh,
 That echoes to the voice of years gone by,
 Though waked by foreign notes, to me are dear.
 For I have lingered by the virgin bier
 Of one, who, like a moonbeam on the wave,
 Glanced lovelily, and melted in the grave—
 Then felt, as if my heart were blank and scar.
 I thank thee, lady! and thy cherished name
 With all thy virtue shall embalm the cell
 Of wizard Memory; and should a spell
 Of wild regret steal o'er my thrilling frame,
 I'll woo the few short hours I've passed with *thee*,
 And bless the star, whose brilliance lighted me.

August 28, 1820.

TO NEÆRA.

CAN Syren song, can eloquence impart
 The soul's delirium?—like the tuneful string
 Of hallowed harp, or water murmuring
 Melodious, came *your* accents to my heart.
 'Tis past—the iciness of hope decayed
 Dissolves with new-born joy: the withered flower
 Will spring *again* to scent the summer bower,
 And the glad sun succeed night's solemn shade.
 Fain would I bask for ever in the beam
 Of that full eye, whose glance unspeakable
 Bids each fine feeling in this bosom swell,
 Like some wild vision of a noon-day dream.
 Oh! blessed be the hand, that twines a wreath,
 Whose perfumed sweets my soul would joy to breathe.

August 29, 1820.

RUMINATION.

“ Shame to the coward thought, that e’er betrayed
The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade !”

CAMPBELL.

Fool, that I was, to hang on woman’s eyes,
To trust my happiness to woman’s smile !
Ah ! little knew I woman’s worthless wile,
Her Syren glances, or fallacious sighs.
Those smiles *were* worlds to me : to me *were* dear
Those eyes of gladness ; for they told of bliss
As pure and placid, as when waters kiss
Their pebbled bed, which I believed sincere.
’Twas but a dream : so full of joy and pain
The wild impression left upon the sense,
Now fraught with frenzy, now with innocence,
We fain would wish, yet dread, to dream again.
But I have done with dreams—the morning ray
Hath baffled Night, and chased her glooms away.

September 1, 1820.

REFLECTION.

No, not a farewell tint upon the tower

I saw in cloudless light—save where the Moon
SILVERS, with chaste cold hand, the rugged stone,
Like Spirit, shrouding Beauty's faded flower

In pallid robe. It is the secret hour,

When young hearts—blighted, bleeding—call to
view

Each fairy scene Hope's magic pencil drew
With all the sorcery of Fancy's power.

Alas! that o'er *such* scenes dark tempests lour,

The colours vanish, and the sketch appears,

As 'twere a Niobè, all bathed in tears,

Or bird, whose wings are wet with morning shower.

The heart, Næra, and the eye that weep—

Would they were buried in eternal sleep!

September 3, 1820.

REGRET.

THE sun lies pillowed on his ocean bed ;
 The wind is whispering, like the tremulous note,
 Or " still small voice " of Sorrow, heard to float,
 When young hearts hold communion with the dead.
 How speaks it ? . . . that the grave of imaged bliss
 Is gaping—that the font of joy hath gushed—
 And e'en the echo of delight is hushed—
 Did ever mortal feel a blow like this ?
 Forgive, Neæra, the desolate strain
 Of troubled frenzy: yet if Hope should guide
 These truant feet to Erin's region wide,
 (And *when* will Hope desert the enthusiast's brain ?)
 Bid the poor wanderer from his sufferings cease,
 And hear his blessing hail the dove of peace.

September 4, 1820.

TO NEÆRA.

Ερως ἀνιχνεύει. SOPH. ANTIG. 792.

WHEN thine eye glances on Love's token-ring,
 Who speeds his little pledge o'er sea and land
 To borrow beauty from thy snowy hand,
 Oh! think upon the spot, where murmuring
 He warbles wildly. For he joys to bring
 Scenes, written in the heart's best blood, to light,
 Like stars resplendent in a louring night,
 While Memory plumes her many-coloured wing.
 And, though Affection scorn the idle aid
 Of idle gems to fan her quivering flame—
 Take this remembrancer, that still the same
 His heart is constant to the choice it made.
 Ah! when, Neæra, shall the season be,
 That young heart may be blest in blessing thee?

March 31, 1821.

TO SOME VIOLETS,

WHICH WERE GATHERED BY NEMRA.

“ Too happy days ! when, if he touched a flower
Or gem of thine, ’twas sacred from that hour.”

MOORE.

SWEET innocents, fair first-born of the year,
Why do your leaves as rich an incense fling,
As when ye bloomed beneath the hand of Spring,
And Zephyrus became your worshipper ?
How vain the shelter of the lowliest guise !
Your perfume was the harbinger of death :
’Tis false—ye live, and shed your balmy breath,
As ’twere some wild and odorous Paradise.
No—it is Love, whose chaste and ruby lip
Hath hallowed your existence ; and will cherish
Each precious relic, till the feeling perish,
The fountain shrink, at which our bosoms sip.
Breathe on, sweet innocents ! your home shall be,
As ’mid your wild-flower mates, in peace with me

April 6, 1821.

TO NEÆRA,

WITH "PLEASURES OF HOPE."

Go, happy book, and ope thy magic page
 To one, whose heart is pure as infant's thought,
 Pure as the thrilling lay thy bard hath wrought,
 And the chill pang of loneliness assuage.
 For rough and varied is life's pilgrimage,
 Where storm and sunshine flash across the scene:
 And Beauty, like a flower of matchless mien,
 Tempts the rude hand from infancy to age.
 Go, tell her, that a *mutual* heart is sighing
 For the dear dreams of youthful madness;
 And that *thy* voice, no fabled balm applying,
 Will cheat his bosom into gladness:
 Albeit that bosom, *now* from sorrow flying,
 Hath communed with the soul of sadness.

April 20, 1821.

TO NEÆRA,
ON HER BIRTHDAY.

To Thee, whose cherished charms my breast enthrall,
 Fain would I weave, upon thy natal day,
 The fresh-blown chaplet and the votive lay—
 The prayer for Heaven's pure peace on *thee* to fall.
 Though past thy life's young day-blush, yet recall
 The thousand thoughts that busy memory crowd
 (Like gorgeous summer, piling cloud on cloud),
 And ask thy heart, if *one* outvies them all?
 Sweet be thy lot on earth, as *thou* art sweet,
 Bright be the future, as the past is bright :
 Thy form each year may fond Affection greet,
 Each year adore the spirit of his light :
 See on thy check the loves and graces meet,
 Pure, as when first they danced before the sight !

December 16, 1821.

TO A GROTTTO,

AT FROSTENDEN GROVE, SUFFOLK.

IF, stranger, the cold world's ungenerous hate
 E'er scathed thy breast; or thou hast sighed to
 think
 That fairy hopes *will* wither on the brink
 Of happiness, and leave thee desolate,
 Pause *here*: and brighter wilt thou deem thy fate,
 That thou canst muse in peaceful solitude
 O'er joys departed. Haply, thou hast wooed
 The virgin, Nature, in her bower of state—
 Behold her *here* (with treasures from the deep
 And earth's dark caverns) in her simplest guise.
 No wild Calypso lures thee to the steep
 Of madness; but at eve soft sounds arise,
 And lap thee in Elysian dreams: then weep
 The witchery of *mortal* melodies.

August 8, 1822.

TO A LADY,

ON THE RECEIPT OF A PURSE, MADE BY HERSELF.

LADY, 'tis vain to thank thee as I would ;
 Yet when shall Charity bedew my heart,
 And I not learn from thee the generous part,
 The virtuous * “ luxury of doing good ?”
 Oft too, as other joys in sportive mood
 Woo the light tribute of a vacant hour,
 I will not rashly dare smooth Fortune's power,
 But act, as if thy spirit o'er me stood.
 Dear, doubly dear, will this true treasure be
 To bid me muse upon the summer-tide,
 That saw me wander gaily by thy side,
 And drop a tear, when I am far from thee.
 And, though Neæra claim my affianced vow,
 She too can weave a wreath for Friendship's brow.

October 24, 1822.

* Goldsmith.

FARRAGO ACADEMICA.

MARATHON:
CARMEN LATINUM
IN
SCHOLÆ^A RUGBIENSI RECITATUM,
MDCCCXVIII.

UT belli signum impavidis edixit Athenis
Externos venisse duces, inimicaque tela
Ingruere; horrendo conjurat tota tumultu
Indè manus, sævitque animis effusa juvenus.
Parva erat illa cohors, parvæ tamen igneus ardor.
Persarum hanc contra, eeu spissa examina, cernas
Fervere densatas acies, stragemque minari.
Flos aderat virtusque virum, quos cura Deorum
Educit Memphis; quos magni nominis olim
Heu! frustrà in belli dederant tentamina Sardis.
Hic ruit intrepidus septemplicis accola Nili,
Hic tendit Babylon; quos Bactria mittit in arma,
Lydorumque imbelles solum: nec deficit acer
Medus, et insignes Parthi meliore sagittâ.
Idem omnes simul ardor agit, Martemque lacessunt
Nequicquam, vanisque vocant clamoribus hostem.

Scilicet hos primùm colles, hæc regna sacravit
 Libertas cœlo demissa, hîc sceptrâ tyranni
 Fregit, et Hippiacos jussit contemnere nutus.
 Ergò te, Marathon, te insignem cœde futurâ
 Unanimes quærunt turmæ, quas omnis euntes
 Urbs votis adeò insequitur: nec Græcia jactat
 Ullo se tantum cultu, recolensque triumphos
 Te sentit, Marathon, tantæ cunabula famæ.
 Primus ibi ante alios, decus et tutamen in armis,
 Sævit Miltiades, altoque serenior ore
 Virtutem accendit dictis; “ Nunc conjugis esto
 Quisque memor, socii! Terrâ vos matre creati,
 Vos patriam servate, sacros servate Penates,
 Et vestrûm delubra Deûm. Nunc viribus ite,
 Ite animis contrâ! telum quod missile librat
 Projiciat miles dextrâ; rumpenda per hostes
 Est via cominûs audendo.” Nec plura: sed olli
 Clamore incendunt cœlum, Persasque requirunt.

Dii, quibus imperium heroum, queis gloria cordi,
 Jupiter omnipotens, et tu, Tritonia Pallas,
 Ne tales prohibete viros succurrere terræ
 Natali, et carâ pro libertate perire!
 Tempore quin illo (ut perhibent) tua maxima, Thesen,
 Umbra adiit campos, ruptoque emissa sepulchro
 Ante acies stetit. Ingentem sine corpore formam
 Cernere erat, quâ tota cohors fremit arma, diûque
 Indignata minas lætæ fovet omina pugnæ.
 Audentes Fortuna juvat. Diro impete Graii
 In bellum, furiasque ruunt: sua tecta, suæque
 Uxores, nati, Divûmque altaria, in ipsis

Omnia sunt oculis: neque te, gens inclÿta, credo
 Jussa aliena pati, dominosve agnoscere Persas.
 Spiritus Harmodii densata per agmina serpit.
 Nec mora, nec requies; raucum pœana secuti
 Concurrunt, dant tela locum, Persæque recedunt.
 Extemplò ardentes Graios de collibus altis
 Irruere aspicias, simul immiscerier agris
 Persarum, (natura loci queis cedere suasit
 Aspera) turbatos equites, propriisque catervis
 Disjectos certæ sua tradere corpora morti.
 Nec peditum non fusa manus circum undique telis
 Obruitur Graiis, descendit ut æquore campi
 Pars ingens belli. Conversâ heu! mente recursat
 Gloria, quæ patres stimulans accenderat olim
 Victoris Cyri felicia signa secutos,
 Auspiciisque suis domitum tremefecerat orbem.
 Nequicquam pulsos hostes ultricibus armis
 Hortatur pudor ire iterùm, nec pristina fama
 Corda oblita movet: dum clades dira fatetur
 Quid possit virtus, quid spes abjecta salutis.
 Inde oritur gemitus duro sub Marte cadentùm;
 Pars autem dare terga fugâ; et, quæ fortè paratæ,
 Scandere fœmineâ torpens formidine naves.

Quid memorem, ut dextrâ fugientem littora proram
 Deprendit, jamjamque tenet tuus, Æschyle, frater,
 Dum ferro succisa cadit? mox ille sinistrâ
 Insequitur, nisuque iter in delusus inani est,
 Semianimesque micant digiti, navemque retractant.
 Tu, Sol, testis eras quæ, quantaque funera genti
 Persarum instabant; neque enim tibi gratior ulla est,

Quàm quæ perpetuo gens te veneratur honore.
 Heu! Susis, veniente die, quot mœsta videbis
 Pectora. Quippe pater vacuâ projectus in aulâ
 Absentem luget natum; spe captus inani
 Plurima vota facit, sed nil ea vota valebunt.
 Usque ad eò periêre acies: ubi Persia, et illa
 Effera vis animi? instructæ longo ordine pompæ?
 Hæc sperata fides, exoptatique triumphi?
 Quin oh! quin fuerat melius, queis otia cordi,
 Desidiæque placent, cum semiviro comitatu
 Permansisse domi, nec tela infausta tulisse.

Illustres animæ, patriis occumbere campis
 Queis dederant fata, et letum pro laude pacisci,
 Salvete æternùm! vestras testantia lauros
 Vivida perpetuis spirabunt marmora signis.
 Æschylus, ante alios Phœbo dilectus, ad altam
 Intendet majora lyram, recolensque labores,
 Vel quorum pars magna fuit, pleno ore sonabit
 Nomina, et invictam gentem, dum Fama superstes
 Sacratam servabit humum custodibus alis.
 Ille etiam, tragicæ tractans veneranda Camœnæ
 Munera, felici voluit jactare sepulchro,
 Te vidisse suæ, Marathon, virtutis honores.

At fusâ Persarum acie, stratisque catervis
 Græcia se solvit luctu: juvat usque tueri
 Templâ Deæ, meritosque adytis indicere honores.
 Hæ tantæ clades, hæc funera dira manebant
 Audentem populum ferro violare nefando
 Palladias arces: ex illo flebile pendet
 Supplicium, et versis mærebit Persia fatis.

Atqui, grande Decus patriæ, quæ præmia sumes
 Digna satîs ? nempe ardescens sub corde juvenus
 Præteritas repetet laudes, atque inclyta dextræ
 Facta tuæ, mentem picturâ expleta, fovebit.
 Libertas ergo, * “sublimior inconcussâ
 Majestate vicens,” sedes, soliumque verendum
 Rupibus imponet propriis ; testemque triumphî
 Ultricem Marathona sacrans dominabitur orbi.

* “Calpe obsessa,” à W. L. Bowles.

DECLAMATIO
IN ÆDE SANCTI JOHANNIS CANTABRIGIÆ,
NOV. 20, 1819, HABITA.

*Hannibal Capuam, post cladem Cannensem, in hiberna
jure concessit.*

UT primùm belli tumultus sedatus est, et tacuit triumphalis victoriæ clamor, Hannibal exercitum Capuam deduxit. Capua tum temporis omni otio, omni illecebrarum genere instructa fuit; et, in luxuriam prona, obsequio principum, et licentiâ plebis luxuriebat. Victorem ergo victoriâ abuti, in voluptates immodicas incidisse milites, felicemque occasionem Romæ expugnandæ penitùs amitti, ex adverso arguitur. Cedo equidem milites in istâ vitiorum officinâ virtutem deponere, cedo enervari: Hannibalem vero alitèr facere potuisse nego. In primis autem, ut res fusiùs aliquanto et accuratiùs expendatur, quæ copiæ victori post pugnam restabant, intelligendum est. Neque adeò mirandum, quòd viri jam bello expleti Martem paulisper vellent intermittere. Romanos cives, si urbem repentino motu ingressus fuerit, multum excipere timorem, et ex isto

timore magna sibi commoda proficisci pro certo habuit Hannibal. Ac modò eadem vis, modò eadem insatiabilis vindicta, quæ ducem ab ineunte ætate nunquam non tenebat, cum viris sese communicâsset, Roma forsàn quassata rueret. Diis alitèr visum est. Hand enim imperavit iis, qui Ticini, qui Trebiæ fluctus sanguine Romano decoloraverant, qui Romanas aquilas ad Thrasymenum penitùs fugârant: reliquiæ tantùm eorum, quibus belli sors pepercerat, apud vivos erant. Necessitas enim victoribus perinde ac victis it comes. Multos per annos in ipsis alienæ terræ visceribus felicissimè militârat Hannibal: sin hæ reliquiæ fortunâ parùm secundâ uterentur (et Fortuna quidem * “transmutat incertos honores”) unde nova auxilia speranda essent? Num Carthago, num Hispania, num Gallia novum exercitum emitteret? novis opibus juvaret? At Carthagine propter odium infensus civibus; at Hispaniam in initio belli jamdudum exhauserat; at Galliæ florem, partim pollicitationibus, partim spe prædæ ante oculos propositâ, in Italiam secum eduxerat. Panci etiam ex his vel victoriæ superfuerunt. Qualis autem ipse Hannibal? quantum mutatus ab illo Hannibale, qui opposita Naturæ claustra rupit, qui subegit Alpium ferocitatem, nives cælique inclementiam hand invitus pertulit, jussit milites uberrima Italiæ regna, mox sua, spectare, qui denique Romanas acies iterùm atque iterùm debellavit. Luscus erat Imperator, incerto

* Hor. Od. iii. 29. v. 51.

eventu valetudinis, et naturæ communis fragilitate debilitatus; dolebatque, quòd Carthaginienses, consilio Hannonis perducti, bellicis laboribus inservire noluerunt.

Præcipuam sanè victoriæ Cannensis causam in equitatu positam esse nemo nescit: sed in urbe oppugnandâ quid valet equitatus? Huic accedat, Romanos pedites, Pænis nequaquam secundos, cùm eò ventum esset, ut mænia Urbis tuerentur, invictos fore. Ex historiâ enim clarissimè patet, * “ post pugnam ad Thrasymenum, Quinto Fabio Maximo et Marco Minucio Rufo negotium ab senatu datum, ut muros turresque firmarent, et præsidia disponerent, quibus locis videretur, pontesque rescinderent fluminum.” Nonne etiam Marcus Claudius Marcellus † “ ab Ostiâ mille et quingentos milites, quos in classem scriptos habebat, Romam, ut urbi præsidio essent, misit?” Nonne quatuor legiones et mille equites ex auctoritate Patrum intra muros conscribi? Nonne milites de sociis accipi, parari arma? templis porticibusque detrahi vetera hostium spolia? octo millia juvenum validorum ex servitiis empta publicè armari? His igitur animadversis, quis est tam injustus rerum existimator, tam rudis, ut non intelligat Romam, vel gravissimis belli vulneribus laborantem, ad obsidionem sustinendam admodùm paratam esse? vel potiùs, ad res bellicas agendas

* Vid. Liv. lib. xxii. c. 8.

† Ib. c. 57.

Romam esse unquam imparatam, quis dicere audebit? Tantum abfuit, ut belli suscipiendi impotens esset, ut Philippum, Macedonum regem, qui cum Pœnis in fœdus inierat, hoc ipso tempore ad arma convocare statuisset. Hæ copiæ, hæ opes: in his elaborandum. Sit, Hannibalem ad portas esse; sit, Pœnos propè capitolium signa conferre: quid tum? Pro libertate, pro conjugibus liberisque, pro domiciliis Deorum, denique pro patriâ debellandum esset. Cara enim libero libertas, caræ conjuges, cara templa; sed omnes omnium caritates patria unâ complecteretur. Audaciam oppressis spes abjecta sufficeret. Profectò, tali in rerum discrimine, si Romuli imago terras iterùm invisere, et eam patriam, quam suâ virtute, suis armis ornaverat, videre posset, incensa sic loqueretur —“ Expergiscimini, Quirites! valeat apud vos præteritæ memoria gloriæ cùm hostium impetum, me duce, contudistis! Vos, ad arma, ad agendum nati, rempublicam labefactari passuri estis? Quam Dii immortales pulcherrimam, florentissimam, potentissimamque esse voluerunt, illam Urbem nolite oblivisci. Ite in hostes victricibus armis. Romulus vos ducam.”—Hi essent ad gloriam stimuli, hæ ad salutem faces. Necnon ab hoste pacem petere majestati Pop. Rom. nunquam conveniebat: pacem, armis semper petendam, victoria confirmaret. Quid, si perculsa respublica, quicumque belli eventus fuisset, multa perderet et ornamenta dignitatis et præsidia stabilitatis suæ? at acerbissimis è miseriis pul-

chrior eniteret, et in hostem, tanquam ista fabulis mandata Hydra, * “secto corpore firmior” cresceret. Testis est indomitæ Romanorum indolis bellum paucis antè annis confectum, ut classes, vi hostium cœlique ruinâ ter miserè quassatas, ter iterùm instruxêrunt. Contra talem audaciam, contra talia arma, quid posset Hannibal? quid posset exercitus, vel victoriâ insolens? Quòd si ex Cannensi acie protinus ad urbem Romanam incederat, num alii Italiæ populi ad castra confluxissent? Haud sapientis esset (et sapientiam Hannibalis quis dubitat?) Romam antè obsidione premere quàm ulla gens in ejus societatem sese obtulerat, atque ita alias civitates, Romanis parùm fideles, intentatas præterire; præcipuè cùm successûs spes magis ex nominis terrore quàm ex armorum vi penderet necesse esset. Quantum autem apud gentes Italicas vel nomen, vel arma, Hannibalis reverà valuerunt, dicat Nola, dicat Neapolis. Nam cum † “Neapolitanorum animos partim spe, partim metu, nequicquam tentâset, in agrum Nolanum exercitum traduxit: ex quo, sub adventum Prætoris Romani, Pænus excessit.” Si igitur in his civitatibus lacesseendis vis tota contra varios conatus hostium malè evasit, credendum-ne esset Romam, custodibus ubique dispositis, oppugnando cessuram? Nequaquam, meherculè. Imò etiam

* Hor. Od. iv. 4. v. 61.

† Vid. Liv. lib. xxiii. c. 14, 15.

a sociis, qui nondum defecerant, Urbi trepidæ subveniretur.

Cùm res se ita habet, Romam aggredi amentis esse satis a me, Judices, comprobatum arbitror. Non inscitè Hannibal in unius horæ discrimen tro-pœa jamdudum parta adducere noluit. Magna erit illi laus sub imperio tenuisse mistos ex colluvione omnium gentium milites, immanitate barbaros, multitudine innumerabiles: maxima verò, quòd talibus fretus copiis in alienâ terrâ per annos quindecim de Romanis triumphavit. Itaque te, Dux clarissime, et tua inclyta facta posteritas fovebit: itaque memoriam præliorum, quæ cum varietate, tum etiam celeritate conficiendi admiranda sunt, ipsa æternitas tuebitur.

CARMEN LATINUM

IN

COMITIIS PRIORIBUS,

FEB. 17, 1820,

CANTABRIGIÆ CONDITUM.

Τον πέρι Μοῦσ' ἐφίλησε, δίδου δ' ἀγαθόν τε κακόν τε·
'Οφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμερσε, δίδου δ' ἠδεῖαν ἀοιδίην·

ODYSS. 9. v. 63.

FORTE sub antiquâ consederat ilice, gliscens
Nescio quâ præter solitum dulcedine Musæ
Miltonus, Lycidamque lyrâ cantabat: ibi omnes
Lugebant Lycidam Fauni, Dryadesque puellæ,
Ah! miserum Lycidam referebat montibus Echo.

Intereâ solanti animum, fusoque per herbam
Emicuit cœleste jubar: mox impete leni
Lenis odorato fluitavit in aëre nubes,
Lumine transcurrens ramos. Forma indè superbo
Accessit passu, purâque in luce refulgens
Obtulit haud mortale decus: dant læta fragorem

Arbusta, innocuoque viret sub lumine sylva.
 Scilicet in ventos nubes liquefacta recessit,
 Et stetit ante oculos roseâ velata coronâ,
 Virginis os habitumque gerens Dea: vestis ad imos
 Deluxit variata pedes, cui purpura risit
 Mista auro. "Lycidæ," clamat, "crudelia fata
 Imbelli ne tange lyrâ; sublimior ordo
 Te manet." Ille autem visu, tantoque nitore
 Victus in æternam compressit lumina noctem,
 Dum Diva in tennes fugiens evanuit auras.

At non idcirco cessit miranda poëtæ
 Lux animi: tacitæ sed enim penetralia mentis
 Explorare juvat, vivasque cingere figuras
 Phantasiæ augustâ de sede, hominique negatâ
 Lætantem pennâ cœli spatiarier arvis.
 Quippe sacros fontes animâ dia potestas
 Elysiumque fovet: vitæ melioris imago
 Nuda patet, superique patent mysteria mundi.
 Ergò paulatim audaces se expandere nervos
 Ubere luxurians venâ persentit, et actus
 Afflatu propiore Dei sublimè tuctur
 De cœlo ad terram, de terrâ ad mœnia cœli.
 Utque magus, cui mille volant simulaera, poëta
 Libat opes Naturæ, atque Orenum voce canorâ
 Fallit, et Oceani thalamos (sua regna) pererrat.
 Nocte alto delapsa Comes sub pectore dignas
 Accendit flammæ, atque imperat ore soluto
 Sphærarum captare melos, dum littus Edeni
 Deliciasque docet vivo revirescere cantu.

Usque adeò mirâ juvenescit imagine rerum,
 Ambrosiis inhians formis ; memoriq̃ue camœnâ
 Immortale movet (proprio ceu jure Magister
 Harmoniæ) decus, et superum jam affectat Olympum.
 Te verò, regina Sion viduata, tuosque
 Fatales celebrat campos, quo carmine captus
 Restitit ipse Dies : lætans testudine suavi
 Hesperus intendit vultus, atque immemor orbis
 Nox stupefacta silet, dum currum Luna ruentem
 Tardat, et æthereis indulgent plausibus Astra.
 Namque canit Miltonus, uti per inane coacta
 Semina se tulerint, ut densâ è nocte vocavit
 Naturam Deus omnipotens : quâ voce figuram
 Induit elicitam caligine dædala tellus,
 Et flores mirata novos, et non sua dona.
 At pennâ insidit diffusâ more columbæ
 Spiritus Oceano, naturæque incubat omni
 Majestas tenebrarum ; “ Audaces tollere fluctus
 Parce, vel impositos ultrâ tibi tendere fines,”
 Audiit attonitum Pelagus, fremitumque repressit.
 Tum Sol effulgere novus, quem læta salutant
 Agmina cœlestûm ; et sollenni laude lacesunt
 Ritè Creatorem, qui “ sit lux,” dixit ; et ultrò
 Lux erat :—humentem Tu das pallescere lunam,
 Et cœli rutilare polos custodibus astris.

Tum canit errantem Satanum ad confinia mundi
 Remigio alarum, ex humeris cui grande pependit
 Villosis scutum, Phœbeæ lampadis instar.
 Eheu ! qualis erat, quantum mutatus ab illo,

Quem Deus ante alios miro dilexit amore,
 Ad soliumque suum venerandâ in sede locavit.
 Turris uti, astabat: faciem penetrabile fulmen
 Sulcârat, rabiesque indignans sparserat atris
 Scintillis vultum, mixtoque superbia luctu.
 Multa movens animo Ditis per inane profundum
 Barbarico incedit passu, quo lurida motu
 Regna tremunt: fugere Animæ: pavor occupat Um-
 bras.

Spectat Edenïacas valles, ubi purior æther
 Usque nitet, Solisque jubar (Sol namque tenebat
 Per cœlos medium cursum) muscosa vireta
 Lumine purpureo vestit, ceu dulcè micantis
 Mundi oculus, vel manè Gigas membra alta cubili
 Corripuens: tum fama animo, atque elapsa recursat
 Gloria, tum Satanas sopitos excitat ignes
 Infelix, verbisque Diem execratur iniquis.
 Æstuat extemplò bella, horrida bella, Jehovah
 Conferre, et vanos præsumens mente triumphos
 Omnipotentem audet non digna reposcere signa.
 Demens! nempe Dei soboles radiantibus armis
 Cineta, Dei vires, et magna potentia, dirum
 Emicat in currum: curru gemit ultima cœli
 Ora, polique gement, (fraeti quasi machina mundi
 Eversa erueret)—ni quâ manet inconcussâ
 Majestate Dei solium. Quò pristina fugit
 Vis animi Satano?—ultrices experta phalangas
 Cedit, et inferno se condere gestit asylo,
 Fallor? an et recinit campos, ubi murmurat unda

Purior electro, gelidisque illabitur umbris
 Ambrosium nectar? nullo violatur aratro
 Gleba, nec audacis Boreæ vim sentit Edenus.
 Oh! fortunatas valles, quas ipsa tuetur
 Natura. Oh! qui me sistat propè dulcia regna,
 Et nemora, arborei sudant queis balsama rami
 Guttatim, spinâque carens rosa mittit odores.
 Audin, ut aëreæ volucres circumque suprâque
 Undantes resonare docent sua carmina lucos,
 Et ver perpetuum fremitu exultante salutant?
 Vere etenim Adamus ducit benè sedulus Evam
 Per virides hortos, ubi mollis amaracus umbrâ
 Invitat, purosque adeò sibi poscit amores.
 Gaudia quid libata juvant? quid læta venustas,
 Aut sincera salus? delusa cupidine inani
 Decerpit mortem malè lectis fructibus Eva.
 Continuò insolitâ tremuit formidine Tellus,
 Et gemitum Natura dedit. Marcescere sarta
 Florea, quæ suavi modò captus amore legebat
 Adamus, cerno; demissoque ore dolentem
 Stare, velut silicem. Cerno exardere cometam,
 Quippe Dei gladium: respectans luget uterque
 Elysium, longèque ignotis exulat oris.
 Quin et tempus erit Satano, cùm optaverit Evam
 Intactam insidiis, cùm cœlo Christus ab alto
 Descendet, victorque caput victum atteret anguis:
 Humani et generis referens pro funere funus
 Vana catenati perrumpet claustra sepulchri.

Talia carminibus celebrat Miltonus, et haustus

Æthereos, ceu lucem aquilæ, bibit ore ; sacræque
Harmoniæ felix pleno se proluit æstu.
Tantum divinæ pollet facundia mentis.

FINIS.

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